

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—March 29, 1975, 50 cents

Ford's Depression And Hoover's

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In and Out Of School

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from Washington
March 29, 1975

Planning Ahead

Maybe what this country needs is another Paley report. President Truman named a commission in the early '50s to plan what the country should do about scarce resources in 1975. Now it is 1975 and the scarcities that the commission predicted have punctually arrived, and the five big volumes of the report gather dust. There is no country on earth so fond of preparing splendid reports and of then ignoring them as the USA.

One thing the commission foresaw for 1975 was a global energy shortage and it pleaded for international preparations to meet it. Ho-hum, said America.

Truman set up his five-man Materials Policy Commission, January 22, 1951, under CBS executive William S. Paley, and hopefully asked for a report in "six to nine months." He got it on June 23, 1952. "I do not believe there has ever been attempted before such a broad and farsighted appraisal of the material needs and resources of the US in relation to the needs and resources of the free world," he told Congress.

I thought about the Paley report last week because Leonard Woodcock, president of the United Auto Workers, Wassily Leontief, Nobel laureate economist, and others formed a new group that urged more government planning, with an Office of National Economic Planning (ONEP) right in the White House and a comparable committee in Congress. They made an unassailable case for planning, I thought. "Every individual and business plans for years ahead," they said; so why not the government? The answer is that governmental planning, five-year plans and things like that are regarded with suspicion. Are they a little un-American?

The US launched Mariner 10 on November 3, 1973, and it flew to Venus and then to Mercury, where it circled last weekend, for a total of a billion miles. It performed magnificently and sent back photographs. That took years of planning. But planning for a thing like that is one thing. Social planning and foreseeing energy shortages before they happen, that is different, and to some, slightly sinister.

The Paley report had three handicaps: it surfaced smack in the middle of the Eisenhower - Stevenson presidential race; it was couched in Cold War terms of fear of Russia, which gave it a transient, war-document tone; and it came at a time when "planning" was a dirty word even more so than now, although Truman stressed that all members were respectable private citizens. It never got much attention.

CBS commentator Edward R. Murrow interviewed members of the Paley commission and caught the spirit of the thing: "There never was a nation that consumed so much coal and steel and oil and copper and lumber and water and strange materials and everything that comes out of the earth," he said, "and at the same time gave so little thought to where it comes from." Does that sound familiar? Murrow added, "You may get a jolt this evening to realize that although America is the land of plenty, the plenty is giving out."

The commission took 1950 as its base statistical year and looked ahead 25 years to 1975. If President Ford were to set up a new commission this year it would set a pattern of quarter-century surveys. More important than that, perhaps, would be the Woodcock-Leontief idea of an ONEP to do continuous projections and planning (50 federal offices currently collect economic data but no single agency is responsible for setting appropriate standards and collating the material for coherent national objectives).

Anybody can make forecasts; the fun is to compare them with reality when the time is up. The Paley commission repeatedly underestimated the extent of change in America in the next 25 years. "We will have to increase the output of our total energy 100 percent in the next 25 years," one commissioner told Murrow. Actually US demand for oil has tripled, not doubled, and for electric power it has increased five times, not three times, as projected.

"There's no consumption like it any-

where in the world!" exclaimed Murrow in awe. "The US has only 10 percent of the world's population and we chew up half of the free world's raw materials."

Actually in 1975, instead of 10 percent of the world population, the Zero Population Growth organization calculated last week that US population now amounts to only five percent of the world population (213 million Americans out of four billion on earth).

"Petroleum is the great enigma of future energy supplies," said the report. Even then, in 1950, the US was consuming two-thirds of free world annual production, it said, and in the past five years "for the first time the Nation has become a heavy net importer." It was imperative, the report said, to safeguard outside oil sources, for global interdependence had come to stay. That sounds familiar, too. It guessed that the 1975 working force would be 82 million (actually it's 93 million—8.2 percent currently idle); gross national product "double" the \$355 billion of 1950 (in fact: \$821 billion, in constant dollars); and it preached conservation—"this generation's responsibility to help provide for the next."

The Woodcock-Leontief group revives the call for advance planning; yes, for as much as "15 to 25 years." Soothingly it says that this won't replace the private economy nor "the millions of private decisions that are made in the market every day."

The trends that the forgotten Paley report forecast in 1950 continue today, and will strengthen by the year 2000. More planning seems inevitable. We can't continue to launch economic Mariner 10s and then forget them in space. We need a chart and tracking system.

That seemed obvious last week as Congress galloped to beat a spring vacation deadline hoping to pass a staggering tax cut, loopholes and all. The voices of caution weren't all conservative: George McGovern urged Congress to include public investment expenditures in the program, for housing, transportation, schools and needed services, rather than to "shovel out nearly \$30 billion" in tax cuts alone. Economist Leon Keyserling agreed with this approach: he wanted a \$16 billion tax cut (not \$40 billion as incorrectly quoted here) plus \$32 billion in increased federal spending for priority programs. Such a mix might be desirable but would take time and, of course, planning.

Saving energy

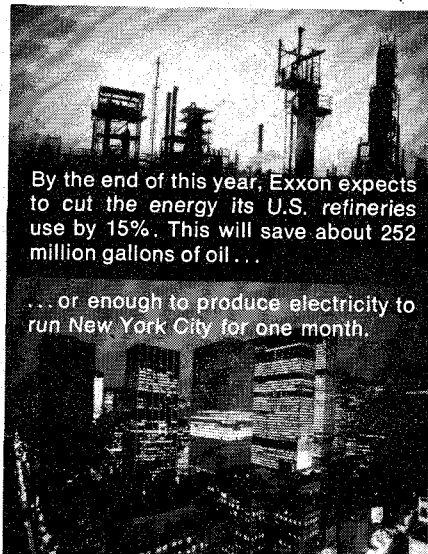
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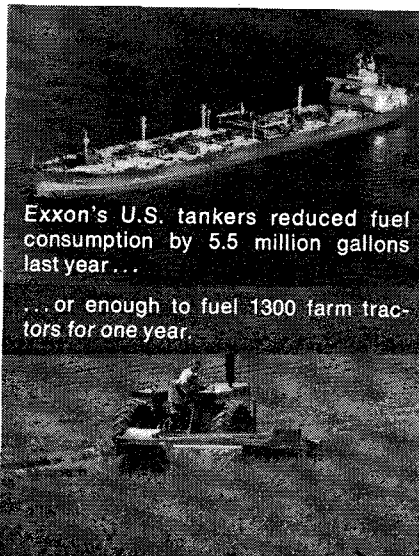
...or enough to produce electricity to run New York City for one month.

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No more "full speed ahead."

A ship captain can save fuel the same

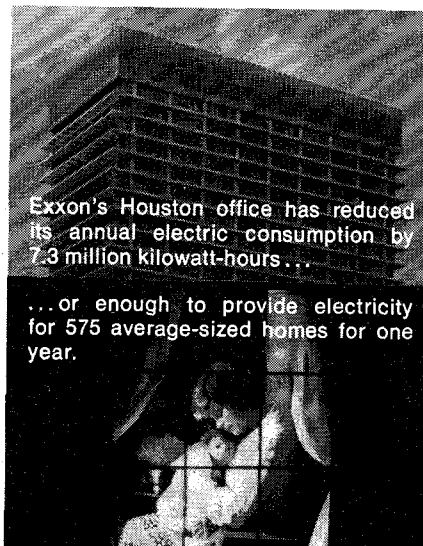


Exxon's U.S. tankers reduced fuel consumption by 5.5 million gallons last year...

...or enough to fuel 1300 farm tractors for one year.

way you save gasoline in your car. By slowing down our U.S. tankers and towboats and by cutting nonessential power demands, Exxon saved 5.5 million gallons of fuel last year. That is enough to power 1300 farm tractors for a year.

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Exxon's Houston office has reduced its annual electric consumption by 7.3 million kilowatt-hours...

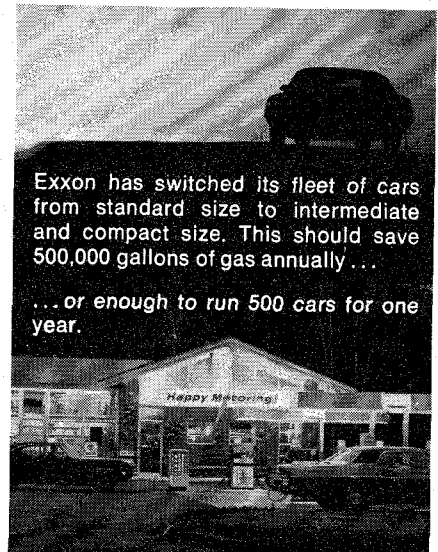
...or enough to provide electricity for 575 average-sized homes for one year.

ity by 7.3 million kilowatt-hours. That is enough electricity to power 575 average-sized homes for one year.

Recently Exxon switched all company cars from standard size to intermediate or compact size. We expect that this will save 500,000 gallons of gasoline annually—or enough to run 500 cars for one year.

There is evidence of progress.

As a nation, there is evidence that we are making progress on curbing



Exxon has switched its fleet of cars from standard size to intermediate and compact size. This should save 500,000 gallons of gas annually...

...or enough to run 500 cars for one year.

energy use. Figures from the U.S. Bureau of Mines and the American Petroleum Institute show that demand for energy dropped 3.3 percent in 1974 as compared to 1973. Gasoline consumption alone dropped 2 percent.

Take a good look at how you run your operation, whether it's a corporation, a small business, or a home in the suburbs. We think you'll be surprised at the ways you can use energy efficiently to conserve our nation's energy supplies. And you'll save money too.





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Minding the Fed's Business

Congress created the Federal Reserve System in 1913, primarily to be a shock absorber as a result of the bank failures in the panic of 1907. The "Fed" was to manage the nation's money supply, availability of credit and interest rates and keep an eye on bank management. The system included a Federal Reserve Board of seven governors, and 12 district banks. Also, all nationally chartered banks (about 4500 of them today) were required to be members of the system; state-chartered banks were given the right to stay outside, and about 8000 of the 9500 do. Over the years the Fed has come in for only sporadic attention. It has largely gone its own way, ignored or misunderstood, or perhaps more accurately, unappreciated and unfathomed. In recent years the average representative and the average citizen have come to appreciate and understand the role that fiscal policy (as reflected in the federal budget and budget surplus or deficit) plays in national affairs; but few still understand or appreciate the role that monetary policy (as reflected in the amount of money made available by the Fed and in interest rates as influenced by the Fed) plays in the business cycle. To most of us the Fed is arcane. But that attitude is changing, and much for the better. Monetary policy and its significance are being discussed and aired, especially by influential and powerful legislators, including the new chairmen of the banking committees, Sen. William Proxmire and Rep. Henry Reuss, and Sen. Hubert Humphrey in his role as chairman of the Joint Congressional Economic Committee. Even some of President Ford's advisers are quietly studying the Fed's policies as they relate to the current recession-inflation.

One target of the new inquisitors is Fed secrecy. No one is suggesting the Fed throw open its doors to TV and permit reporters to sit in on meetings at which basic monetary policy decisions are made. But Reuss, Proxmire, Humphrey and others do suggest that the Fed, or at least its chairman, sit down at regular intervals with key legislators to discuss policy. After all, Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution provides that Congress shall have the power "to coin money and regulate the value thereof," and even though Congress has delegated that power to the Fed it should exercise the right of review. There is a too-cozy relationship between the Federal Reserve Board and big banks. Private member banks in effect own the district Fed banks because they pay in capital in proportion to assets. Private banks

elect six of the nine directors of each district Fed bank (the other three are appointed by the Fed in Washington), and the nine directors in turn choose the president of their district bank. The president of the New York Fed Bank and the presidents of four other district banks serve, on a rotating basis, on the Open Market Committee, which meets once a month to make the critical decisions on money supply. Rarely has there been among this group a member from labor or consumer groups, and never a woman. Until recently the Open Market Committee decisions were not made public until a year after the fact; today the delay is down to 90 days, which still seems overly long. For years the Fed resisted having the General Accounting Office make any audit of its operations. In a day where openness is the rule in government, the Fed's overly drawn secrecy and clubby membership is indefensible. When *Consumer Reports* published a list of interest rates charged by banks on consumer loans—information available to anyone willing to ask the banks—Fed Chairman Arthur F. Burns was so disturbed that he asked the FBI to investigate whether the data had been leaked by an employee. The *Consumer Reports* list was most interesting because it enabled consumers to shop around for the best interest terms in their home towns.

Another target of the inquisitors is the Fed's credit allocation, the way it does or doesn't go about seeing that monetary supply is flowing adequately to certain sectors of the economy. Several bills in the 94th Congress would direct the Fed to allocate specifically credit, perhaps on a priority basis, to certain areas, mostly small business and housing. This would tilt the Fed more in the direction of the consumer and the "little guy" and away from the big banks and giant corporations. To judge from the anguished reaction of the establishment to this credit allocation idea, one would have thought that Moscow was about to take over the Federal Reserve System. Burns said the plan would destroy the nation's money markets. Treasury Secretary William Simon compared the idea to that of a national police state. The Chase Manhattan Bank denounced the idea as unpatriotic. Yet the credit allocation system would do in the money area simply what the government did in the energy area during the height of the Arab oil embargo: allocate a critical national resource so that the economy could continue functioning and the shortage would be distributed fairly. If the housing industry were assured a regular supply of funds, perhaps at a subsidized interest rate, would not the country be better off with a continually growing housing supply than it is today when housing efforts virtually come to a standstill in times of monetary scarcity and booming demand? Then too there is some indication that the Fed already is indirectly allocating credit to real estate investment trusts (which are heavily in debt to the giant Fed member banks) and to large corporations such as financially troubled W.T. Grant. According to some

reports, the Fed quietly urged its member banks to see that the real estate trusts and large troubled corporations get enough credit lest major bankruptcies set off a chain reaction within industries. In connection with such reports, Rep. Fortney H. Stark (D, Calif.) has said that "what we're seeing is a very powerful federal agency telling bankers to go easy on certain corporations. Yet nobody tells anyone to do the same thing for auto workers who are laid off and can't make their car payments."

Also under fire are Fed decisions in recent years on money supply targets. There's really nothing new in such criticisms, because in other recessions the Fed also has been taken to task for not foreseeing a slump or for aggravating a slump once it occurred. Simply put, it's the Fed aim to tighten up on the amount of money available for lending in boom times and loosen the money strings in times of business slumps. While economists like Milton Friedman continually castigate the Fed for missing money targets, it's not simple to say who's right and who's wrong. The fact is that economists still haven't figured out the exact effect of monetary policy on the economy or just what the best Fed policy should be. As *Business Week* magazine put it, "The mechanism by which monetary policy steers the economy is complex, almost as complex as the guidance system that was used to put the Pioneer spacecraft past Jupiter. Fed policy, accordingly, is subject to varying interpretations. And it never is totally obvious as to which interpretation is correct."

If that is true, then for far too long has the Fed operated in privacy and secrecy. If monetary policy does have the important effect on jobs and income that economists claim, then monetary policy is too important to be left to the virtually private domain and responsibility of the economists and bankers who serve at the Federal Reserve Board and on its Open Market Committee. Sixty-two years ago Congress gave away its power to coin money and regulate the value thereof. It's time Congress got some of that power back.

Playing Dominoes

Richard Nixon's "peace with honor" was supposed to have extricated the US from Vietnam more than two years ago. But in fact President Ford has done nothing more in Indochina than to extend the "Nixon Doctrine," under which the US has been continuing the war through South Vietnamese and Cambodian surrogates. The trouble with this policy, however, is that it is working badly. The Lon Nol regime is hanging on by the skin of its teeth, and, in the opinion of most specialists, it is only a matter of time before it collapses under the pressure of the Cambodian Communist insurgents. The Nguyen Van Thieu government,

which since early 1973 has consistently refused to engage in political discussions with its North Vietnamese and Vietcong adversaries, is currently being forced by the Communists to evacuate five northern and highland provinces. The smell of defeat in Southeast Asia has meanwhile prompted the Thais to suggest that the 25,000 American troops ought to be pulled out of their country within a year.

In the face of all this, President Ford is now evoking the old "domino theory," and, like his predecessors, warning that the "national security" of the US could be "vitally" affected if any of these Asian lands drifted away from the American orbit. So we are again being treated to a variation of the theme that we will be pushed back to Waikiki Beach unless our clients hold the line. The Ford administration, moreover, is matching this scenario with appeals to Congress to provide funds not only to carry Cambodia and South Vietnam into a stronger negotiating position, but to strengthen their ability to go on fighting. Although the White House has so far been unable to persuade Capitol Hill to come through with \$222 million in emergency help for Cambodia, it is already making plans to ask Congress for at least \$421 million in new military aid to the Lon Nol government for the next fiscal year. Similarly the administration is hoping to get \$1.3 billion in assistance for Thieu even though it has been unable until now to persuade the legislature to vote \$300 million in supplemental aid.

It may be true, as Mr. Ford contends, that eventual Communist takeovers in Cambodia and Vietnam will loosen America's ties with Southeast Asia. But the question must be asked, how much money and how many lives is it worth to prevent that outcome? Billions of dollars have been wasted and hundreds of thousands of people have been killed and wounded in defense of US "credibility," yet nothing has been gained. Thus Congress will have acted correctly if it refuses to finance a losing proposition.

Don't Bet on a Brokered Convention

Visions of a multiballot, brokered 1976 Democratic convention dance, like sugar plums, in the minds of political raconteurs because of a series of adjustments in the delegate selection process made by the party's Mikulski Commission, adopted by the Democratic National Committee and heralded in the press as tantamount to a guarantee that no one will come close to a majority on the first convention ballot. Candidates' strategies are being built around that assumption. But is it a valid assumption?

Probably not. It rests chiefly on the theory that the

newly sanctioned proportional representation will so fragment delegation after delegation that no candidate will be able to grab off huge chunks of delegates from the big states and thus build rapidly toward a clear majority on the first ballot the way John F. Kennedy did in 1960, Hubert Humphrey did in 1968, and George McGovern did in 1972 when the original reform rules were already in effect. The theory ignores a loophole through which huge chunks of delegates can be garnered by a front-runner. It also ignores the fact that most of the "liberal" convention states in fact used a form of proportional representation in 1972 while those controlled by party regulars hostile to McGovern tended to rule by majority.

The loophole is this: although 75 percent of any state's delegation must be selected from party units no larger than a congressional district, the requirement that every candidate pulling 15 percent of the vote of the delegates to a convention or of the primary votes get his proportional share of the delegates *does not apply* when voters cast their ballots directly for delegate candidates instead of for a slate headed by a presidential candidate. If votes are cast for delegate candidates, the ones with the highest vote at a congressional district level win, as they did in 1972, 1968, 1964, 1960, etc. This exempts from proportional representation such states as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Alabama, New Hampshire and, under its new law, California. At least five states now are toying with the idea of a primary plan using the loophole—Texas, Minnesota, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas. Consequently six of the eight or nine largest delegations will likely be exempt from the rule that's supposed to ensure a multiballot, brokered convention.

The banning of the winner-take-all primary in California was widely heralded as the final guarantee of reform. The biggest bloc of votes at the convention, a bloc McGovern had to have in 1972 to have a first-ballot victory, will be torn asunder. Not necessarily. Under California's new law, which allows voters to cast their ballots directly for delegate candidates, McGovern would still have corralled about 77 percent of the state's delegation because his win was widely spread over the state. His near sweep of the Wisconsin delegation (they vote for the candidate, not the delegates) would have been reduced sharply by proportional representation, but he'd picked up enough additional delegates from convention states controlled by regulars. In 1972 he would have picked up additional votes in Kentucky, Missouri, Oklahoma, Washington and Louisiana, among others, if proportional representation had been in effect.

The loophole could get bigger. The new rules ban binding, winner-take-all presidential primaries at a congressional district level. This affects Florida and Tennessee, where Wallace picked up most of the delegates (with roughly 40 percent of the vote in Florida); Wisconsin and Massachusetts where McGov-

ern did the same; and Georgia, which has passed a new winner-take-all law. They'll have to change. The guessing is they'll go for the loophole and things will remain the same. Then only Michigan among the big states will have in effect some form of proportional representation.

The big change is the proliferation of primaries. By 1972 the number of primaries had risen to 23 because of changes forced by the McGovern Commission rules. The reassertion of these rules by the Mikulski Commission has already driven the figure to 27, with a 28th expected in Arkansas and four more states considering primary bills. If all of them passed, there would be 32 primaries with the possibility of still more. The many primaries, far more than proportional representation, will affect the chances for any candidate to become an early front-runner and to stay ahead. Things were already cumbersome in 1972 yet McGovern pulled it off.

McGovern proved you don't have to win all primaries, just certain crucial ones. He did unexpectedly well in New Hampshire although Muskie won it, and then ran first with a mere 30 percent in Wisconsin. He floundered in Florida, made only a modest dent in Illinois. He swept Massachusetts but, the same day, picked up only a modest share of Pennsylvania. He lost a close vote in Ohio, skipped Indiana. Wallace beat him in Michigan and Maryland, but McGovern closed strong in Nebraska, Oregon, California and New York while skipping North Carolina and Tennessee. In retrospect it doesn't sound like a winning strategy but it was. Who's to say that Morris Udall of Arizona or Birch Bayh of Indiana or Fred Harris of Oklahoma on the party's left, or Henry Jackson of Washington or Lloyd Bentsen of Texas on the right, or Jimmy Carter or Terry Sanford of North Carolina in the middle, couldn't pull a McGovern a year from now?

The best perspective from which to judge is that of February 1971. Then McGovern was universally regarded a loser. He had serious competition for the allegiance of the party's left wing (John Lindsay, Harold Hughes, Eugene McCarthy), and it would be many months before he emerged the clear-cut winner of the preliminary skirmishes. Sen. Edmund Muskie of Maine was the front-runner. His managers were plotting a strategy that called for a clean sweep of the first six or eight primaries, with the candidate running as if he were the incumbent.

Today the party's left wing is in disarray. There's no front-runner although Sen. Jackson is the closest thing to it because of the inroads he's made with party regulars in the Northeast and Midwest, a faction that may stage a comeback if no one candidate finds a way to arouse the party's left wing. But the regulars expected to win that way with Muskie in 1972, and McGovern wasn't exciting all that many people four years ago.

There's talk of a rash of favorite sons: John Glenn in Ohio, Dan Walker in Illinois, Milton Shapp in Pennsyl-

vania, and so on. Favorite sons were a big thing in 1960 but, one by one, they crumbled under the pressure of the Kennedy organization as the Kennedy delegate count edged toward the magic 50 percent plus one. Hubert Humphrey had to woo a covey of favorite sons in 1968. Favorite sons tend to fade early.

So where are we? The rules give each candidate a chance to catch fire in the primaries, salvage enough in the dwindling number of convention states to stay in the race and, once the bandwagon is rolling, aim for a first-ballot victory. Nothing really has changed. It may be too early to pick the winner. But that doesn't mean there won't be one on the first ballot.

Paul R. Wieck

Foreign Entanglements

Now Saudi Arabia

The US government is moving quietly to expand the economic and military ties it already has with Saudi Arabia. Within five years, according to a recent House Armed Services subcommittee report, the 1000 Americans now in Saudi Arabia will likely grow to 35,000. They will be at work in Saudi government ministries, universities, businesses, factories and in training the Saudi armed forces and police. Not since the early 1960s, when we involved ourselves in Latin America through the Alliance for Progress and later in Southeast Asia, resisting communism, has there been such sweeping US activity in another country.

The extent of planned US involvement in Saudi Arabia has been downplayed by government officials seeking to avoid criticism and perhaps interference, a task eased somewhat because the Saudis are paying for what they're getting, and thus congressional approval of the effort is not required. Nonetheless the administration is, as Sen. Charles Percy pointed out during a recent hearing of the Senate Foreign Relations multinationals subcommittee, "promoting a new type of foreign assistance" for oil-rich nations like Saudi Arabia, that lack technology but have the funds to pay for their own great leap forward.

To organize and channel the US assistance, several bilateral joint commissions have been established to deal with both defense and economic problems. For example although no defense treaty of any sort exists, a new US-Saudi Joint Commission on Security Cooperation has begun work, with Assistant Secretary of Defense Robert Ellsworth representing the US as chairman and Prince Turki, the Saudi Vice Minister of Defense and Aviation, representing the Arab nation. The commission held its first meeting last November. One aim of this group is to review programs already

underway to modernize the Saudi armed forces.

Joint military discussions have gone far enough so that Defense Department spokesmen can outline to Congress the military threats that led the Saudis to expand their armed forces. As Defense Secretary James Schlesinger put it to a Senate committee last year: "... the problems the Saudis may perceive come from the Peoples Democratic Republic of Yemen and from Iraq on the north ... The Saudis do feel that conditions around their frontiers are indeed unsettled."

One cornerstone of the US military presence in Saudi Arabia is the US army corps of engineers. In the mid-1950s the corps constructed the airfield and civilian air terminal at the oil port of Dhahran. From that point the relationship has come to involve other than military construction. In the '60s the corps began construction of a countrywide black and white television system and later added the Ministry of Information Radio Studio at Riyadh—a \$42 million job.

In the late '60s the corps began to build military cantonments for the Saudi Ministry of Defense. The first, an \$80 million facility for 7500 troops, was completed in 1971 near the tense Yemen border. The second, finished last year at a cost of \$76 million, sits near the Jordanian border. A third project, south of the Kuwait border, is being redesigned and once completed—at an estimated cost of \$200 million—will also feature an airfield. Along with these jobs for the Defense Ministry, the corps also is designing some \$750 million in additional facilities including a military academy for officers and four military trade schools. All this is to help modernize the 40,000-man Saudi army.

Plans for the 1500-man Saudi navy are also ambitious. In September 1972 the corps began developing a master plan for harbor and port facilities at Jubayl on the Persian Gulf and Jidda on the Red Sea. In addition, the Saudi navy was to get a headquarters building at Riyadh. This work is now expected ultimately to cost over one billion dollars. The US will be the source of both ships and training for the growing Saudi navy, though the House subcommittee report notes that the largest vessels being considered are "patrol boats and missile-armed gunboats."

Another major project in which the corps is involved is shaping up the Saudi national guard. In the past this 30,000-man force, mostly consisting of Bedouins, has been half full-timers and half irregulars. Its role, entirely separate from the Saudi army, has been internal security. Under the new program it will become an active force prepared to combat paramilitary units sabotaging oil pipelines or terrorists stirring up Saudi desert villagers. For housing and training the new Saudi guards, the corps is working on a \$150 million complex. The highly publicized \$103 million Vinnell Corporation training contract represents a second aspect of the program and an additional \$154 million purchase of US equipment and ammunition is

expected.

Some 1000 Vinnell employees are to be working in Saudi Arabia during the three-year life of that contract. They won't be the first such American private contract defense-oriented personnel to arrive. Bendix Corporation already has some 700 people training Saudis in military vehicle operation and maintenance—part of a long-term \$350-million program. In addition Northrop Corporation has been training Saudi air force personnel since 1970 in both operation and maintenance of their F-5 aircraft, with some 545 of their people in the Arab country.

The Saudi air force, with only 10 combat planes and a force of 5500 men, is further advanced in its development than the navy. The corps of engineers is working on a \$10 million air force headquarters for Riyadh and \$65 million in additional air facilities at Dhahran and Taif for the F-5s that are to come. A future air force academy is also being considered. As part of their military purchases, the Saudis have obtained C-130 cargo aircraft, useful for transporting both materiel and men.

Overall, Saudi military orders in the United States have accelerated from \$96 million in 1971 to \$588 million in 1974. The latter figure was inflated by special purchases. Deliveries of materiel have steadily climbed to \$200 million last year. In addition the Saudis continue to inquire about more and more sophisticated weapons systems. In mid-1973 they asked whether the US would permit the sale of F-4 fighter-bombers to the infant Saudi air force. After some consideration the Defense Department got White House approval and relayed it to the Saudis. Since then, according to Senate testimony, "They [the Saudis] have not come to us with any request for purchase and we are not pushing it one way or the other."

The expansion of military involvement is paralleled on the economic front. The joint statement of US-Saudi cooperation announced June 8, 1974 during Prince Fahd's visit to Washington provided for a Joint Commission on Economic Cooperation that was to have, initially, four working groups to deal in specific areas such as manpower training and education, industrialization, and research and development. On the US side Treasury Secretary William Simon was designated chairman and for the Saudis, Prince Fahd. In July 1974 working groups on manpower and education met in Saudi Arabia. According to a report filed by one US participant, the "Saudis are anxious for a massive and deep US government involvement in the social and economic development of Saudi Arabia."

Just how deep and how extensive that involvement will be was not totally spelled out although some understandings were reached about education. The US group was to provide five experts to work in the Saudi Ministry of Education; the US government agencies also agreed to recruit American professors to teach in Saudi schools and to arrange for Saudi students to get

"access" to US colleges and universities, particularly in law and medicine, including internships at US hospitals.

As with military projects American corporations are undertaking contracts to assist Saudi institutions. For example the California-based Whitaker Corporation has contracted to run a new hospital in Jidda that, though completed and fully equipped, has been unutilized for lack of a staff. The King Faisal Hospital in the Saudi capital of Riyadh, which when finished will be among the best in the world, is to be operated under contract by the Hospital Corporation of America, according to the House subcommittee. Today the Saudis have 2000 doctors; they want 6000 by 1980.

In September 1974 the joint US-Saudi working group on economic cooperation met at the headquarters of the National Association of Manufacturers in Washington for a presentation on Saudi opportunities to top executives of major American corporations. Since the Saudis plan to spend some \$160 billion during their next five-year plan, beginning this year, they are a large, attractive market for US corporations.

Saudi hopes for these newly expanded economic and military arrangements are enormous. One government official familiar with joint committee working group discussions has noted that if the US fails to "validate Saudi expectations regarding the furnishing of technical and professional services [it] could prove counterproductive, particularly if the US government did nothing at the outset to moderate such Saudi expectations." In the same report to his superiors, the official

pointed out one of the major difficulties: "the kind of massive US government involvement envisioned by Saudi Arabia may raise problems of congressional relations." On March 10, with the House debating a continuing resolution on foreign aid appropriations, Rep. Elizabeth Holtzman questioned the "propriety" of \$220,000 in grant aid for training Saudi military in the US. At earlier hearings before the House Appropriations Committee, a Defense Department witness said he could not justify that grant aid, but added it had been included for many years as a "symbol with the Saudis—a sign of our intent and desire to be good friends and to maintain that sort of relationship."

Our increasing involvement with the Saudis deserves serious exploration by the Congress and the executive branch itself. To date congressional concern has been directed primarily at the refusal of the Saudis to do business with blacklisted corporations, and at discrimination against Jewish employees of those companies and government agencies that do participate. Although these are important issues in themselves, concern also should be directed at the ultimate danger of allying the US so closely with King Faisal's one-man regime. Americans in the joint working group that met in Saudi Arabia in July 1974 were told its purpose was to "find ways to implement President Nixon's commitment to the Saudi Arabian government." It is time the Congress and the public were told what that commitment was and what benefits are expected to flow from it.

Walter Pincus

On the Brink of Revolution Deluded Rhodesia

by **Milton Viorst**

Salisbury, Rhodesia

Call it race war, civil war or war of liberation; by whatever name, Rhodesia has been living at the bloody edges of combat for years, and now total involvement seems both inevitable and imminent. Yet, while black Rhodesians prepare for battle, white Rhodesians incongruously continue to dance the waltz.

Aware of recurring guerrilla encounters in Rhodesia,

Milton Viorst frequently writes on foreign and domestic politics from Washington, DC.

I came to Salisbury expecting to find, at the least, tension and austerity. What I found instead was a country club, a Scott-and-Zelda land of Toyotas and Mercedes, swimming pools and formal gardens, sumptuous tables and good wines. Men move busily in starched white shirts, women promenade insouciantly in miniskirts. The blacks laugh merrily as they serve the drinks and say, "Thank you, Mastuh." Salisbury seems to be no more African or embattled than an English provincial city in the spring.

It's been almost a decade since Rhodesia, to perpetu-

ate its white minority government, declared its independence of Great Britain. Since then, it has lived in diplomatic isolation, and under the shadow of a United Nations economic embargo. Yet during this decade, it has had all the friends it has needed, and has never been more prosperous.

Portugal provided it with access to the ports of Mozambique to the east, and South Africa made sure it lacked for nothing in manufactured goods, including weapons. With their help Rhodesia continued to export its minerals and agricultural surpluses, while new investment brought self-sufficiency nearer by providing industry at home. How irrelevant it seemed that all of Africa to the north was growing increasingly angry at the suppression of the political aspirations of black Rhodesians. The white Rhodesian government, cradled by its Portuguese and South African allies, felt as if it could withstand the hostility of outsiders forever.

Indeed, while the rhythm of politics in most other countries led toward racial equality, in Rhodesia it moved the other way. In the past 10 years residential and employment segregation have grown more rigid, and a series of enactments have imposed new social disabilities on blacks in the area known in the United States as "public accommodations." To discourage dissent of any kind, government radio and television has become more tightly controlled, and the government press rarely prints anything but praise of the status quo. A secret police, though too Anglo-Saxon to be the KGB, serves as a constant reminder of the expectation of conformity. Gradually the liberal opposition, once a vigorous force in the political system, has vanished from the scene. A few blacks, voting on a separate roll, elect about a fourth of the parliament but haven't a hope of influencing policy. Thus the comfortable world of Rhodesian whites, raising no questions to evoke harsh answers, has become increasingly unreal.

Last year, however, changes began to cascade. Portugal's right-wing government fell and Mozambique, promised its independence next June by the successor government, was transformed from a friendly outpost to an impending staging area for guerrillas. Emboldened by the success of their Mozambique brothers, Rhodesia's blacks stepped up their insistence on their own political rights. South Africa, itself sensitive to the gathering momentum, made a sharp tactical turn by calling for conciliation from Salisbury and amicable relations for itself with the black states on the continent. Meanwhile worldwide recession and soaring oil prices did serious damage to Rhodesia's foreign exchange balance and, for the first time, the luxurious way of life it offered to its whites showed signs of weakness.

The Rhodesian government of Ian Smith won't discuss it publicly, and certainly won't release any figures, but white emigration, which proceeded at a

steady trickle throughout the years following independence, apparently reached an alarming level late last year. Now the government campaigns aggressively for immigrants, and proclaims that the white population remains stable. Strictly speaking, it may be telling the truth. But instead of the Afrikaners who made up the bulk of the last decade's immigrants and who reinforced existing racial patterns, and instead of the Northern Europeans whom the government most actively solicits, the new arrivals have been swarthy Portuguese refugees from Mozambique, Greeks, Lebanese and other Mediterraneans, hardly the classical types that the society cherishes.

These new Rhodesians, seen sipping coffee in seedy cafés on the fringe of black neighborhoods, surely represent the beginnings of a new white underclass. At the same time, the erosion of residential property values in upper-class neighborhoods serves as the index of ebbing confidence within the white elite.

It is against the backdrop of these changes that the Smith government agreed to go to Lusaka, capital of neighboring Zambia, last December. The invitation was tendered in behalf of Presidents Julius Nyerere of Tanzania, Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia and Seretse Khama of Botswana. To meet the conditions of these men, Smith consented to release the principal leaders of Rhodesia's rival black nationalist factions, ZAPU and ZANU, some of whom had been in detention for 10 years. The African heads of state had two objectives at Lusaka: first, to bring together these factions into a single nationalist front, and second, to get this front into negotiation with Smith on a new constitution for Rhodesia. That Smith was willing to release the prisoners and send them to a meeting with his own representatives is undoubtedly testimony to the pressure the Pretoria government put on him in the interest of pan-African détente.

The results of the Lusaka meeting seemed to exceed the sponsors' fondest hopes. ZAPU's head, Joshua Nkomo, who is widely considered the father of Rhodesia's black nationalism, and ZANU's head, the far more militant Ndabaningi Sithole, agreed to put aside their differences and unite under the umbrella of Bishop Abel Muzorewa's moderate African National Congress. The black leadership then reached an accord with the Smith government to call a cease-fire in the

COMING: Eugene V. Rostow on
the limitations of Kissinger's
shuttle diplomacy in
the Middle East

fighting between Rhodesia's defense forces and the guerrillas in the field. Finally, the two sides consented to sit down together early in 1975 at a constitutional convention, to write a document that would legitimize Rhodesia's independence and set the terms of the political relationship between blacks and whites.

It quickly became obvious, however, that the various parties interpreted the Lusaka understandings quite differently. The Smith government dropped leaflets over field positions telling the guerrillas that, according to the agreement, they had the choice of leaving Rhodesia or surrendering their arms; the black leadership said it had negotiated a cease-fire in place. The blacks said the Smith government had promised to release all of its political detainees, estimated at between 300 and 400, by Christmas; instead, 76 were released, including 13 who had participated in the Lusaka talks. The government has said there will be no more released until the cease-fire becomes effective; the blacks say there will be no cease-fire until the detainees are freed, and none at all under the government's definition. Late in February animosity deepened when the government, after secret trials, executed three guerrillas. As matters now stand, fighting continues on the northern frontier, with regular casualties being sustained by both sides.

It also became apparent very soon that the nationalists and their government had quite different conceptions about the constitutional convention. The blacks have said they will not sit down with the government to discuss the principle of majority rule; they will attend only to negotiate the terms of the transition to majority rule. Smith has been consistent in rejecting the principle of majority rule, substituting for it the principle of the "qualified" voter. He has indicated that the government will, at best, negotiate a redefinition of voting qualifications. Smith, furthermore, insists on holding the conference in Rhodesia; the blacks say that a Rhodesia meeting will imply *de jure* acceptance of Smith's legitimacy. They want to meet in London under a British chairman, thereby legally wiping out the post-colonial period. So hardened had these differences become by the first week in March that most observers doubted that a constitutional convention would ever be held at all.

That's when Smith took everyone by surprise by rearresting Ndabaningi Sithole, the leader of ZANU. Normally, when the government locks up a dissident under its emergency powers, it does not deign to provide an explanation. This time Smith's spokesmen went to pains to say that Sithole was arrested because he had been plotting to assassinate his nationalist rivals, chiefly ZAPU's Nkomo. The government said that, given the unusual nature of the case, Sithole would be tried by a special court but that, to protect the lives of witnesses, the proceedings would have to be secret.

Smith's objective in arresting Sithole was, presumably, to divide the African National Council, and he had some reason to think he might succeed. Since Lusaka, Sithole had repeatedly violated the agreement reached by the black leadership that Bishop Muzorewa would speak for them all. He had indicated his contempt not only for the proposed constitutional convention but for those of his colleagues who supported it. Sithole made no secret of his conviction that Zimbabwe, the blacks' name for Rhodesia, should be forged as a nation not over a conference table but on the battlefield. Indeed Smith might well have reasoned that, with Sithole out of the way, he would be able to intimidate the more moderate men who would remain into accepting a constitution on his terms.

If that was his reasoning, however, he was wrong. To be sure, Nkomo hastened forth with a statement saying negotiations could go on. But he was quickly silenced, and the movement rallied around Muzorewa's intransigent line. Officially, the black leadership scoffed at the government's charges against Sithole. "If Smith was so worried about my safety," Muzorewa quipped in an interview with me, "he could have given me a bodyguard. In fact, he wouldn't even give me a gun permit so I could protect myself from the animals on my farm." Aware of Sithole's volatile character, the black leadership said it would suspend judgment on Smith's charges if an open trial were held. But it was united in declaring that, in the absence of public evidence of guilt, it would have nothing more to do with the Smith government until Sithole was released.

Too busy dancing the waltz, Rhodesia's whites still don't seem to have grasped what is happening. They talk as if majority rule remains theirs to give or to withhold, with impunity. But the blacks seem to grasp it clearly. When speaking of bloodshed, they resort to no euphemisms. An estimated 2000 guerrillas are in training camps in Zambia and Tanzania. Recruiters roam the country, signing up young men to augment their ranks. Blacks speak confidently of their ability, given their 20-or-25 to one ratio to whites, to carry the war readily from the border areas to the cities. White Rhodesia has a tough and modern little army but, in protracted guerrilla warfare, the odds against it would be huge.

Realistically, heavy fighting cannot be expected until later this year, after sanctuaries in Mozambique have been secured. Then the pace will quicken. "It may be over sooner than you'd think," one acute white observer pointed out to me. "After all, white Rhodesians have no real sense of patriotism. They're not protecting a homeland but a way of life, based on rich soil and cheap labor. If they can get it elsewhere, many are not likely to want to die for it. Most whites may just pack up and go to South Africa." But, however long it takes, hardly anyone in Rhodesia—among those who have stopped to think about it, that is—doubts that the outcome is foreordained.

Children Out of School

The Expendables

by Joseph Featherstone

Some time ago a group called the Task Force on Children Out of School tried to document the shocking number of children excluded from public education in Boston. The group, now the Massachusetts Advocacy Center, published its findings in a report, *The Way We Go To School* (Beacon Press, 1970), and has since been following up on it with a skillful combination of threats and wheedling to get school officials to act on the problem. It has pressed for more bilingual education teachers, more classes for kids with special needs, changes in school policies on discipline and suspension and rules barring pregnant girls from classes, and other related issues. This relatively successful local venture in advocacy has now prompted an organization called the Children's Defense Fund (a public advocacy group whose origins are in the legal wing of the civil rights movement) to try to assemble a national picture of the children excluded from school. Their report, *Children Out of School in America* (CDF, 1746 Cambridge St., Cambridge, Mass.) is sobering. Using a variety of sources—1970 US census data, data from HEW's Office for Civil Rights, official school surveys and rules, plus an intensive door-to-door canvass of families in selected census tracts in nine states—the CDF finds that nearly two million school-age children between seven and 17 are not enrolled in school. Of these, more than a million are under 15, and more than three-quarters of a million are between seven and 13. In 30 areas surveyed, the CDF found 5.4 percent of all children six to 17 out of school. County-by-county breakdowns show some places where 20, 30 and 40 percent of the children are not enrolled.

There is reason to think that these figures underestimate the problem. For one thing, the CDF used the Census Bureau's rather conservative criterion for children not enrolled, counting only those who had no contact with school three months prior to April. The figures certainly do not include children expelled and suspended and otherwise thrown out of school for disciplinary reasons, the countless truants who elude census counters, children whose parents answer the census forms incorrectly because they don't comprehend English, the handicapped children and pregnant girls listed by many school systems as receiving home instruction, although in fact they are being deprived of schooling. Nor, the report says, do its figures account for parents who won't admit to strangers that their children aren't in school, nor the more than 85,000

children not counted by the census because they were in detention facilities of one sort or another. And of course the report has no way of reckoning the numbers of children who are in school, but who sit at their desks in a state of what might be called functional exclusion—particularly children who don't speak English.

Children out of school come from every racial and income group. Of course, poor children are included in their ranks in disproportionate numbers. Minority children are out of school in greater numbers than white children, and rural children are out more than city children. The census figures say nothing about why these children are out of school. To find out, the CDF canvassers talked to parents, children and school officials in selected communities. The eloquent yet understated case studies lead to this conclusion: "If a child is not white, or is white but not middle class, does not speak English, is poor, needs special help with seeing, hearing, walking, reading, learning, adjusting, growing up, is pregnant or married at age 15, is not smart enough, or is too smart, then in many places school officials decide school is not the place for that child."

The common denominator of these children is that in one way or another they are different. Most of them are out of school not by choice but because they were kicked out. Case after case testifies to the extent to which too many school officials get rid of children as a matter of course, in effect taking it on themselves to decide that certain groups of children are educationally expendable. Kids are kept out of school for reasons ranging from pregnancy to inability to afford clothes, textbooks, lunch and other school fees and transportation costs, to being diagnosed as handicapped in some way for which there are no educational services. In Floyd County, Kentucky, local CDF canvassers discovered that 21 percent of the children were out of school because they couldn't afford textbooks or other school fees. In Portland, Maine, poor children in a housing project two miles from the nearest schools have to pay two dollars a week to ride to them.

The plight of children with special needs makes up an important part of the evidence gathered in *Children Out of School*. In a great many places children with special needs of one sort or another—mental, physical, emotional—are denied entry to public education. Where they are admitted, they are often wretchedly served. And apart from the talk of special programs,

there is the separate, yet intertwined problem of misclassification. An appalling vacuum in services is compounded by the fact that existing special education classes are often dumping bins. Just as tracking systems can be used to resegregate schools, so can special classes. The Office for Civil Rights has been gathering data in 505 school districts in Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi and South Carolina with an eye to seeing whether there is racial discrimination in classes for what are called the educable mentally retarded. It has found that black children in these school districts are twice as likely as white children to end up in special classes. In some Southern districts, a black child is five times as likely as a white child to end up in a special class. Similar, if less drastic, disproportions of minority children in special education classes can be found in many parts of the country.

School suspensions and expulsions are another problem. Office for Civil Rights data show that in the 1972-1973 school year, over a million children were suspended from this country's schools. High schools suspended students twice as often as junior high and elementary schools. Here again, the Office for Civil Rights is looking to see whether the figures show racial bias. (The case studies in the CDF report document individual instances of bias.) In '72-'73 schools suspended six percent of their white students and 12 percent of their black students. In high schools blacks were suspended three times as often as white students. Yet it would be a mistake to think of school suspensions as a minority issue, any more than children with special needs or misclassified children are a minority issue. Half a million of the children suspended in '72-'73 were white.

These figures probably also understate things. Many school systems do not report suspensions, or they call them by other names. The city of Los Angeles, for example, reported no suspensions in '72-'73, and New York City's school suspension figures have a widespread local reputation for self-serving whimsicality. In its surveys the CDF found that 65.4 percent of all suspensions are for offenses that are neither dangerous to persons or property. In fact, 24.5 percent were attributed to truancy or tardiness, for which suspension seems an odd remedy.

The arbitrary character of many expulsions and suspensions comes through in the case studies. In Macon, Georgia, a 16-year-old black student was expelled because he could not pay five dollars to replace a ruler accidentally broken in shop class. In New Bedford, Massachusetts, a 17-year-old white boy was suspended for two days when he left the school grounds to help an old man change a flat tire. When his mother called to find out about the incident, she was told that the boy had done a good deed, but the rule was that anybody who left school grounds had to be suspended. School officials often told the CDF canvassers that suspensions are a way to get parents in to talk

about a difficult student. Yet in a third of the cases surveyed, suspended students returned without a parent conference.

Some groups are excluded from school in such disproportions that the next step is clearly litigation. Yet in a sense the deeper problems raised by *Children Out of School in America* are so universal and complex that they are not all that accessible to action through the courts. Schools that carelessly mislabel poor children as retarded are very likely going to mislabel middle class children as dyslexic or hyperkinetic. Inadequate special education services hurt children across racial and class lines. Schools unable to tolerate diversity reflect our tenacious cultural assumption that it is wrong to be different.

An exercise on the part of lawyers and activists, the report quite sensibly focuses on exclusionary practices that are unconscionable by any reasonable standard: kids kept out of school because they are poor, or labeled retarded because they are black, or suspended for wildly capricious reasons. Beneath the straightforward abuses lurk more complicated issues.

Take discipline, for example. There is a growing body of litigation and local agitation on this in many communities. Students' rights are expanding, and there are efforts afoot to give disciplinary procedures in schools some semblance of due process and accountability. Even when the gross abuses have been dealt with, however, discipline still remains a tangle. The fact that many school systems have never thought through, let alone spelled out, their policies on discipline has meant the growth of a vast area of unsupervised power on the part of school officials. One problem is the absence of policy. This may be one rare area where schools are not bureaucratic enough, in the sense of having orderly machinery for fair decisions and appeals processes. Thus courts generally permit suspensions of three days or less without hearings. Instead of holding hearings, however, many schools now in effect expel kids by successions of short suspensions. When black students in newly integrated schools complain that they are being suspended or expelled in disproportionate numbers, there is seldom adequate machinery—parent-professional advisory boards, or whatever—even to hear their complaints. Discipline is a problem. Teachers in a lot of schools are very scared. The contrast between the complexity of the realities of life in classrooms and the frequent simplicity of reformers' attacks on the schools makes many teachers angry. Yet practitioners and school officials have to realize that attempts to assert their legitimate authority and control turbulent classrooms will continue to be undermined as long as widespread abuses of the sort documented by the CDF continue to flourish. The discipline problem illustrates the ongoing, terribly vexing process of making professionals accountable to the clients they are supposed to be serving; here the

process is complicated because there are genuine claims of necessity and professionalism to be served, as well as legitimate complaints that school disciplinary procedures in many places stink. The vague yet insistent demand for participation, which was so vociferous in the late 1960s, is not in fact going to go away: it is now reappearing in the form of local and national demands for accountability, more parent representation, review boards and the like. One hopes this time around—in contrast to the disasters of the community control wars—that some coalitions of parents and professionals might form, but the precedents are not auspicious.

Similarly the issue of the educational rights of children with special needs is not simple. In many of the relatively advanced states, parents, advocacy groups and coalitions of social service professionals are taking steps through courts and legislatures to expand the educational rights of these children. The long-overdue rights being won—for educational programs, for inclusion, where possible, in regular schooling—are making new sets of demands on schools and teachers. The demands are enormous and unprecedented, and unless practitioners in schools can get commensurate support for new efforts, they will probably employ their formidable powers of resistance to make sure that little changes significantly. The whole field of special education is rich in parallels with other areas of the social services. People are asking society to be more tolerant of a greater range of differences among children. This is not just a matter for school officials and teachers, of course; it includes everyone. For more than a century, one of the main enterprises of social policy was constructing vast institutions, defining certain groups as special in one way or another, and segregating them in these institutions. Now many of us are questioning the institutional legacy we have inherited, although we are very uncertain about workable alternatives. Along with the institutionalization, professionalization, and the spread of new forms of social isolation is a slowly growing respect for human variety and the diversity of childhood itself. There is a search for alternatives to the machine-like institutions we face, and a growing bias toward keeping people where possible—it is certainly not always possible—in homes and community alternatives to mass institutions. In some states there are moves to deinstitutionalize institutions for young criminal offenders and the mentally ill. Criticism of many of our large-scale institutions has rightly insisted that they are human scrap heaps. Yet there is a real fear on the part of some observers that deinstitutionalizing and the quest for alternatives may not generate the increased political and financial support workable alternatives will need. Asking the schools to undertake new responsibilities for handicapped youth, to integrate those who can be integrated, and asking the social services to build community alternatives, where possible, to big institutions, adds up to a very large set of demands.

Children Out of School in America does not have to address these complexities, or those in other areas. (Misclassification, for instance, goes to the heart of the way schools function.) Instead it provides initial documentation of indefensible abuses. One lesson to draw is the need for more local and national information. The rock-bottom ignorance on which many social programs operate ought to be a major scandal. Most federal agencies involved with various services for children have no idea at all how many children need the services, how many actually get them, and how many are excluded from them for one reason or another. Local agencies are even more ignorant. Facts alone are more or less neutral, to be sure. The devil has ceased quoting Scripture, and now his modern colleagues, like Arthur Jensen, cite empirical data and use standard deviations and correlation coefficients to update ancient doctrines of racial inferiority. Where there are no data at all, however, it is readily assumed that there is no problem. Conversely, the generation and publication of new facts can help focus attention on urgent problems few knew existed. This may now be the case with children out of school.

A second lesson is that different kinds of educational issues coexist and overlap like geological strata. This is one reason why most truths about education require more than a single sentence to get across without distortion. Along with a host of new demands on the schools for openness, for alternatives, for options, for more attention to individuals, there is an older, unfinished agenda. Poor people, immigrants and minorities have been struggling hard to get inside classrooms since public education was established in this country. The CDF shows the dismaying extent to which this basic fight is still going on. Reformers with an itch for panaceas in education—such as the terrible simplifiers now bent on abolishing compulsory education or child labor laws—will have to develop more of an eye for these overlapping complexities.

There will be additional CDF reports on related issues: a volume on school discipline, and reports on labeling and treatment of children with special needs, the use of children in medical experimentation, children's rights to privacy in school and juvenile court records, the juvenile justice system and day care. The CDF hopes to get the same kind of sustained advocacy for children that the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund started giving blacks many years ago. It and many other advocacy groups now concerned with children's rights represent a long-delayed professional response to the glacially slow, yet persistent rise in the esteem of children and youth in this culture, an ongoing shift in cultural values that is real even though it has scarcely begun to budge our mass institutions or alter our budgetary priorities. In part these efforts are attempts to give legal force to a largely rhetorical tradition invoking children's rights. The increased

interest in children's rights also reflects a reading of recent history by some veterans of the victories and defeats of the civil rights movement and the poverty war: unless you can make social services and programs a matter of right for all children—black and white, rich and poor—no enduring political constituency can be maintained to support them, and in fact gains may be reversed when the political climate changes for the worse. The challenge for national and local groups like the CDF will be to keep up the legal pressure on schools and other institutions in situations where rights are obviously being violated, and yet break out of the narrow confines of litigation and legalism. We are learning the limits on what schools as institutions can

do; we are also learning the difficulty of changing what goes on in them by means of levers outside the schools. Lawsuits and injunctions are a proper (often the only) remedy for the trampled rights of various groups, but cannot guarantee redress at the level of day-to-day life in classrooms and institutions. What is needed is a whole range of levers: more money and services, litigation, and the sustained work of local citizens' and advocacy groups such as the Massachusetts Advocacy Center. Legislation and the federal courts have a role to play, but real change, if and when it happens, will come in local communities, and it will involve what now seems very hard to imagine: coalitions of reformers, parents and practitioners.

The Supreme Court on Students' Rights

More than three years ago, Peggy Strickland, Virginia Crain and Jo Wall thought the punch for a student-parent meeting of the home economics class at Mena High School needed a lift. The 16-year-old 10th graders drove from their dry Arkansas county into nearby Oklahoma, got three bottles of "Right Time," a malt liquor, and mixed them into a gallon and a half of soft drinks. Nobody got drunk at the "home ec" party, but afterward rumors of the spiked punch circulated around the high school. Questioned by a teacher, the girls denied, then admitted their deed. The principal suspended them for two weeks. Later the school board increased the punishment, invoking a penalty in school rules for "the use of intoxicating beverages or possession of same at school or at a school sponsored activity"—suspension for three months.

Four years ago Columbus, Ohio high schools were in an uproar during a black history week. Black students wanted to have community leaders appear at school assemblies and they wanted to attend programs at Ohio State University. School administrators refused; students demonstrated and some of the protests became unruly with food and trays tossed about cafeterias. Scores of students were suspended, including nine black teenagers attending Marion-Franklin High School, Central High School and McGuffey Junior High. Each of the students, whose alleged offenses ranged from attacking a policeman to being at the scene of disruptions, received 10-day suspensions without benefit of prior hearings.

These two seemingly routine cases of student

misconduct, and equally routine responses by school administrators, have evolved into two of the most significant student rights cases decided in recent years by the US Supreme Court. The decisions in *Wood vs. Strickland* (the punch-spiking case) and in *Goss vs. Lopez* (the black student protest case), both on 5-4 votes with the Nixon appointees solidly in the minority, are cautious warnings to school administrators and school boards that school kids have constitutional rights.

The *Goss* case is central to the issue of student suspensions, an acute problem for black students throughout the nation, who disproportionately incur that punishment. A newly issued survey from the Office for Civil Rights of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare sampled 2908 of the nation's approximately 16,000 school districts, containing more than 90 percent of all minority students. The data, which are for the 1972-73 school year, show that while minority students made up 38 percent of the sampled school districts, they accounted for 43 percent of all expulsions and 49 percent of all suspensions.

Four years ago in Columbus, those black students expressed typical complaints about their punishments. Dwight Lopez was suspended with scores of other students during the lunchroom turmoil, but insisted he was not a participant. Betty Crome was at a student demonstration at another school, was picked up in a police sweep, never charged, but was suspended by her principal. None of the students had an opportunity to contest the charges, despite the fact that one of the high schools had a procedure for an informal hearing (not

used) and the school system later adopted a policy providing for hearings.

Justice Byron White, in the Court's majority opinion, wrote that "the State is constrained to recognize a student's legitimate entitlement to a public education as a property interest that is protected by the Due Process Clause and which may not be taken away for misconduct without adherence to the minimum procedure required by the clause." Suspensions that show up on a student record, he continues, "could seriously damage the students' standing with their fellow pupils and their teachers as well as interfere with later opportunities for higher education and employment." The White opinion goes on to outline a requirement for "rudimentary precautions against unfair or mistaken findings of misconduct and arbitrary exclusions from school." Before students are suspended, school administrators must give them a chance to "informally discuss" the alleged misconduct, stating the reason for punishment and offering them a chance to explain their version. In some cases where the continued presence of a student causes an immediate danger or threat, notice and hearing can be deferred until after the student is removed from school.

For suspensions of 10 days, or less, the court opinion said, "we stop short" of requiring formal hearings with the right to cross-examine witnesses and have counsel, although some school administrators may choose to

formalize procedures in unusual cases. In the case of longer suspensions or expulsions, the court avoids making a clearcut statement, except to suggest such punishments "may require more formal procedures."

Wood vs. Strickland, the liquor case where students were excluded from school for three months, seemed to give the court an opportunity to lay down a definitive rule for expulsions. Instead the majority dealt with the question of school board liability to damages in cases involving student rights, an issue raised in the lower courts. The case was sent back to the appeals court to decide whether the home economics students received due process when they were suspended.

In the punch-spiking case Justice White, writing again for the majority, ruled that "a school board member is not immune from liability for damages . . . if he knew or reasonably should have known that the action he took within his sphere of official responsibility would violate the constitutional rights of the student affected, or if he took the action with the malicious intention to cause a deprivation of constitutional rights or other injury to the student." Whether the Mena, Arkansas, school board is immune from damages was left up to the lower courts to decide.

John Mathews

Mr. Mathews is a reporter for The Washington Star specializing in education.

Assessing the Peril

Another Great Depression?

by **Richard N. Cooper**

Any academic economist, especially one from Yale, now projecting a rosy economic future must be haunted by the experience of Irving Fisher, America's most original economist, who in 1929 suggested that the boom was basically sound and would go on indefinitely, and then in 1930 said that the economy was on a plateau and "for the immediate future, at least, the outlook is bright." By contrast many people today, including our Secretary of State and more than half of the American public, fear a

Richard N. Cooper is professor of economics at Yale and a former deputy assistant secretary of state.

repetition of the Great Depression of 1929-1933. In his address to the UN General Assembly last September, Secretary Kissinger said that "strains on the fabric and institutions of the world economy threaten to engulf us all in a general depression," and a recent Gallup poll showed that 51 percent of the American public fear another Depression is on the way. In a recent television address President Ford felt obliged to declare that "we are not on the brink of another Great Depression."

Just how likely is a depression? Indeed what does it mean to slide into world depression? The latter question is pertinent since in a sense we are already in

one: real output in the second half of 1974 declined in four of the five largest non-Communist countries. The United States, Japan, Germany and Britain all saw production fall. Unemployment rose not only in those countries, but also in many others as the small growth in output failed to absorb the increasing labor force. The United States, which alone still accounts for about 30 percent of world output, is experiencing its worst "recession" since the 1930s. (Exactly when "recession" shades over into depression is a fine point; the former is a useful euphemism to indicate that economic downturns recently have not been as bad as they used to be.) Unemployment throughout the Western industrialized world is at its highest point since the dislocations in Europe and Japan immediately following World War II.

Although it was also used to describe much milder business downturns before then, the term "depression" usually conjures up the 1930s. So what would another Great Depression mean? Actually the depression of the 1930s had a number of quite different but mutually reinforcing aspects. First, it involved a dramatic drop in industrial production, a rise in unemployment (to 25 percent of the labor force in the US and Germany, less in other countries), and a fall in prices, especially of food and raw materials, but also of industrial goods.

Second, it involved an even more dramatic decline in foreign trade, to about 40 percent of what it had been in the late 1920s. This decline in trade in part reflected the decline in production and prices, but it also reflected a major increase in national barriers to trade, in the form of higher tariffs and (especially in Germany) quota restrictions of various types, which were used on a major scale for the first time during the 1930s. The US Congress passed the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act in 1930, establishing the all-time high for American tariffs, averaging more than 50 percent on those imports that continued to come in despite the tariff. Several countries, notably Australia, had preceded us in setting high tariffs, and many other countries followed our lead. These trade barriers, of course, contributed to the decline in world production, even though they were often installed in the name of increasing output and employment. What a single country may do successfully becomes counterproductive when many countries play the same game.

Third, following the 1931 collapse of the *Kreditanstalt* (a leading Austrian bank with heavy debts to German and British banks), there were a series of banking crises in which moratoria had to be placed on bank payments, financial transactions were snarled, and millions of people lost some of their accumulated savings.

Fourth, the preceding events led each nation to a *sauve qui peut* psychology, to competitive devaluations beginning with the pound sterling in September 1931, and to a collapse of international economic cooperation.

All of these features of the Depression interacted. In particular the last three greatly aggravated the fall in production and contributed to making it a Great

Depression instead of just another depression.

When we ask whether there will be another Great Depression, do we mean all of its features or just the first? We are *not* likely to have declines in production and prices, and the related rise in unemployment, of anything like the magnitude of the Great Depression, but some versions of its last three attributes now have too high a probability for comfort.

The main reason that a repetition of the first feature is not possible is that we have much better knowledge than President Hoover did about how to prevent it and we have powerful political pressures requiring that we use this better knowledge. In addition the structure of the economy is such that even without positive corrective action we have greater built-in resiliency to economic downturn.

The most important stabilizing influence is simply the greater proportionate size of the federal government budget. In 1929 federal purchases of goods and services amounted to only one percent of Gross National Product (GNP), and transfers from the federal budget were negligible. In 1974, by contrast, government purchases of goods and services amounted to 10 percent of GNP, and transfer payments to state and local governments (under such programs as transportation construction and job training) and to individuals (mostly as social security payments) came to another 11 percent of GNP. In addition most of us realize by now that while it may be wise to balance the federal budget on some occasions, it is not necessary to do so, especially when the economy is sliding into recession. The result of these two changes since Hoover's time is that as economic activity turns downward, tax revenues fall substantially while federal expenditures remain unchanged or indeed even increase due to earlier-than-planned retirements from the labor force and to increased unemployment compensation. In the last half of 1969, for instance, when GNP fell \$11 billion, or 1.5 percent, corporate profits taxes fell nearly nine billion dollars or 20 percent (corporate profits are the most cyclically sensitive of all the major components of income). Thus for the economy as a whole, spending falls by less than income falls, and this fact acts as a brake on the downturn. (By the same token in boom periods taxes rise faster than income, and if government does not spend the increased proceeds at once this acts as a brake on the boom—so-called fiscal drag.)

To be sure, the need for government financing increases as the government deficit increases, so government sales of bills and bonds make greater demands on the financial market. But this comes at a time when private demand for financing falls far short of the economy's total saving that would be forthcoming at full employment. Indeed that shortfall in private spending is a major cause of the recession.

Thus both the greatly increased size of government and the cyclically sensitive nature of our progressive

income and corporate profits tax revenues together provide a stronger dampener to any slide in income than was available in Hoover's day.

In addition we have many safeguards against the collapse of bank credit that often accompanied—and aggravated—earlier depressions. Four innovations of the 1930s are especially worth mentioning: 1) deposit insurance on both demand and time deposits, now up to \$40,000 for each deposit; 2) margin requirements that limit the amount of borrowing that can take place to finance purchases of stocks; 3) close supervision of banks and other financial institutions, especially regarding their capital requirements and the quality of their loans; and 4) disclosure requirements for all firms whose shares are publicly traded. For all these reasons the vast pyramid of credit on which our modern economy is based is less likely to tumble than it was in the 1930s, when 9000 banks—over one-third of the total—failed and contributed to the sharp drop in the money supply. It is true that the ratio of bank capital to bank deposits—one measure of the ability of a bank to protect its uninsured depositors against loss—has fallen substantially over time, from over 20 percent for all American banks in 1900 to 17 percent in 1930 to well under 10 percent today and typically under four percent for the largest banks. But this secular decline reflects in large part the improvement in other sources of protection, and above all the better management of the economy since World War II, reducing the number of loans that go into default. So many banks failed in the 1930s, in part because many of the companies and individuals to which they had lent money went bankrupt in the Depression, in part because of “runs”

by depositors fearing that their bank might collapse, and in part because drastic declines in the value of securities on their books threw them into insolvency. Banks no longer have to carry bonds on their books at market value, as they did then. If they did we would have experienced many more bank failures when bond prices dropped sharply last year. Moreover bank examiners are much tougher these days at weeding bad loans out of the balance sheet than was true 45 years ago.

The built-in stabilizers only inhibit a downturn from proceeding far and rapidly; they do not prevent a downturn itself. Moreover they are less effective in an inflationary era than when prices are stable, since they operate in terms of nominal money values. When the economy is in a period of rapid expansion, our progressive income and corporate tax system acts as a drag. But the drag may continue even after the economy turns down in terms of production and employment if prices are continuing to rise as they did in 1974. For instance all of the considerable increase in corporate profits between mid-1973 and mid-1974 was due to the increased value of inventories, yet it was taxed as regular profits even though the inventories will have to be replaced at higher prices. The real value of profits thus declined, not only due to rising prices, but due also to taxes on the nominal value of taxable profits. Similarly personal income rose 22 percent in nominal terms between fiscal year 1972 and fiscal year 1974. The consumer price index rose 27 percent during this period, so the real value of personal income, and hence the ability of consumers to stimulate production and employment through their purchases, declined; yet



"I hope you guys know where we are . . ."

because of the progressive income tax, personal income taxes rose 27 percent during this period, thus further reducing the purchasing power of consumers. (Much of the increased taxes was returned to the public, it must be added, in the form of transfer payments such as social security, which through new legislation increased by enough to keep up with the inflation. But the average payment in unemployment compensation increased only 13 percent during this period, showing a sharp drop in real terms.)

Real and contrived shortages of food and fuel necessarily brought about some reduction in real income during this period; but when money wages and salaries are raised in an attempt to restore real income, some of our built-in stabilizers are blunted or even operate perversely in a slack economy.

In any case built-in stabilizers do not assure stability, they merely damp down fluctuations. To reverse a downturn we need positive measures: a tax reduction and/or an increase in government expenditures preferably accompanied by an increase in monetary reserves to facilitate the additional spending by relieving pressure on financial markets. We now know that this action works by increasing directly the demand for goods and services. We are not likely again to try to cut government budgets as an anti-depression measure, as President Hoover did. (The efforts of Messrs. Simon and Greenspan to reduce government spending were aimed at controlling inflation, although some of their utterances sound as though they believe such cuts may also combat recession.) "Bolstering confidence" does not go so far toward stimulating demand as does buying goods, and in any case religiously maintaining a balanced federal budget no matter what is happening to the economy, far from bolstering confidence, is more likely in today's world to create the impression that the national policymakers do not know what they are doing, and therefore to erode confidence.

It is true that increased spending brought about by tax reductions may contribute to inflation, but this contribution is likely to be negligible when, as at present, underutilization of existing capacity is widespread (US industry is operating at under 75 percent of capacity) and 7.5 million members of the labor force are unemployed.

In short the government can stimulate total demand through policy actions, and the public expects it. Richard Nixon rightly believed that he lost the presidential election of 1960 because the Eisenhower administration did not move quickly enough to stimulate the economy, and he took steps to make sure the same mistake was not repeated in 1972. President Ford confronts a similar problem, and since January has brought a tax cut to stimulate the economy, totally reversing his position of four months earlier when he advocated an increase in taxes to fight inflation. The President has now passed a tax cut involving about \$21 billion, well

above Ford's proposed \$16 billion, although probably smaller than the economy now needs.

Similar reasoning and political pressures are at work in other leading economies: France, Germany, Japan and the United Kingdom are all taking measures to encourage economic expansion in 1975, despite continuing inflation. Economic slack and unemployment have passed the point of political acceptability in all of these countries, and the public expects and will get positive action.

For all these reasons we are not likely to see a repetition of the Great Depression in terms of declines in production, employment and prices. My argument, it should be said, has been addressed to a drop in demand. An effective embargo on oil shipments could bring a sharp depression in industrial production, due to a critical shortage of energy.

But what about the other features of the Great Depression? Here the role of the dramatic increase in world oil prices becomes crucial and Secretary Kissinger's warning may come true unless we are careful. In the past, world recession has tended to reduce international trade all around, but especially the prices of raw materials. As a consequence the trade balances of industrial countries improve and those of primary producing countries deteriorate. Aggressive export sales efforts by Germany and Japan improve the trade positions of those countries further, and worsen those of other industrial countries.

But this time, although the usual factors are also present, the trade balance of virtually all countries is dominated by oil. The deterioration in the trade balance of all oil-consuming countries taken together was about \$60 billion in 1974, and roughly that magnitude will continue in 1975. The funds to finance this enormous deficit are available—from the oil-producing countries themselves, the receipts that they are unable to spend—but they may not be channeled smoothly back to each needy oil-consuming nation. That has been called the "recycling problem" of the near future. Moreover even countries that can borrow may be unwilling to borrow as much as they need because they're required to build up a huge debt to foreigners. They may instead try to pay for their oil imports by increasing their exports and reducing their non-oil imports. Japan, the country with the largest oil import bill, actually ran a trade surplus in the last few months of 1974 as a result of recession at home and strong export promotion. And France announced, in effect that it will not allow its trade balance to deteriorate in 1975 by the full amount of the increased oil payments. The imposition of import restrictions and currency devaluations is likely to be considered by all countries unable or unwilling to borrow to finance oil imports.

But export sales to oil-producing countries will not be much increased by such measures, and therefore any improvement in the trade balance of one oil-importing country must come mainly through a worsening in the

trade balance of other oil-importing countries. It is all too easy to imagine a destructive cycle of move and countermove with tariffs or exchange rates, reminiscent of the 1930s, in the effort to pass the deficit, like a hot potato, from one country to another. But this time the motive would not be to generate employment—that can be more effectively done with domestic measures—so much as to reduce alarming trade deficits.

This sequence of events has not occurred yet, and indeed national officials are well aware of the dangers. Countries have agreed on nonrestrictive action pledges both in the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) and in the International Monetary Fund (IMF). But the key to success lies less in formal pledges than in the ready availability of funds for borrowing to all countries who need them to finance oil imports, combined with an appreciation of the fact that in the present circumstances—until the oil revenues of the OPEC countries fall or until their imports rise to match their higher revenues—importing countries *must* as a group borrow in one way or another if they are to import oil.

A second and related risk confronting the world economy today is the huge and possibly unstable pyramid of credit in the Euro-currency market, where banks from all over the world borrow and lend in currencies (mostly dollars, German marks and Swiss francs, with about 75 percent in dollars) other than the currency of the country in which they are operating. This market now exceeds \$200 billion in gross liabilities and assets (compared with, for instance, a domestic US money supply of about \$280 billion), much of which however involves interbank deposits. This market lacks the same degree of financial security available to domestic markets because it is only lightly regulated, involves many banks with very low ratios of capital to deposits, is not insured, and suffers considerable ambiguity about where ultimate responsibility for support lies. The Bank of England recently felt obliged to state publicly its understanding that parents of the many banking subsidiaries in London are the first line of recourse if something goes amiss. But a number of banking operations have multiple parentage, often without well defined management responsibility. And then there is the problem of currencies. A non-American bank may simply be in no position to bail out a subsidiary that has run heavy losses in dollars, without recourse to its central bank. And its central bank may be having its own foreign currency problems due to oil payments.

There has perhaps been an implicit assumption that central banks will not let commercial banks fail. But the German bank Herstatt was allowed to fail last summer, with wide and ominous reverberations despite its small size. The Federal Reserve supported the Franklin National Bank, and the British government has come to

the rescue of several important business firms—but not to the rescue of others. The squabble among central banks over who has responsibility for what in a world in which an Italian bank located in London may deal extensively in dollars is not entirely reassuring.

The vast flow of petrodollars—the earnings of the oil-exporting countries—has aggravated a pre-existing problem, because of the great increase in loans and deposits relative to capital in the larger banks and because of a tendency for deposit withdrawal from many of the smaller (but usually fundamentally sound) banks. Without some assured support from central banks, a major default (the probability of which rises sharply in recession) or a major withdrawal by an OPEC country could lead to bank failure, with profound repercussions not only for international banking but also psychologically for domestic banking, although central banks would certainly step in to prevent wholesale failure of domestic banks.

Thus the world is not as safe from “depression” in international trade and international finance as it ought to be. We can hope that countries will behave sensibly both with respect to trade and currency policies and with respect to support of the banking system. But we should not have to wait for some triggering event for this support to be forthcoming. The leading central banks should make clear their ultimate responsibility for preventing a collapse of the Euro-currency market. And the leading countries—notably the United States and Germany—should take further steps to facilitate recycling of petrodollars and to encourage countries to borrow in the near future to finance their oil deficits rather than attempt to improve their trade positions at the expense of other non-OPEC countries. The decision in January to enlarge the IMF lending facility and to create a new financing arrangement among industrial countries is helpful. In the meantime we should also work toward more permanent solutions to the oil problem, which of course must include real adjustments and not just financing devices.

In his recent book *The World in Depression* Charles Kindleberger blames the severity of the Great Depression on the failure of the United States to accept world leadership at a time when Britain was giving it up. No country was thinking and acting in terms of the system as a whole, as Britain had done before the World War I and the United States did after World War II. There have been signs in recent years that the United States has been backing away from its system-oriented behavior and playing for more strictly national gains, as in its ultimatum to Japan over synthetic textiles and its embargo of soybean exports. Yet no other country is ready and able to take up the leadership role. Let us hope that the American authorities continue to take a global view of their responsibilities, and that other leading nations cooperate with them whenever, as in prevention of world depression, such cooperation is crucial.

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Ullmann in Ibsen

No question that the most hotly awaited event of the New York theater season was Joseph Papp's production of a *A Doll's House*, with Liv Ullmann (Beaumont). The last ticket for the eight-week engagement was sold three weeks before the first performance. I'm happy, for once, not to be the bearer of deflationary tidings: in terms of Ullmann's performance—and that alone—the anticipation is justified.

She has the first line of the play, off stage, and I didn't recognize her voice. It sounded a bit hoarse and a bit lighter than I remembered. Maybe she was a bit hoarse, but as the evening wore on, the voice acquired more color. I, possibly besotted with love, now think that the light timbre at the start was part of her design. I liked her performance while I was watching it, have liked it more and more as it keeps coming back to me, and am now convinced that it will stay alive in me—as, to put it minimally, the best Nora I have seen.

First, a few reservations, if only for their sobering effect. It's obvious that no one will ever know Ullmann's acting at its best unless he understands Norwegian or Swedish. (A Swedish expert tells me that Ullmann, who is Norwegian, has no accent or difficulty in his language.) She has an odd accent in English ("toime" for "time") and there's a soft plosion at the end of every sentence, every substantial phrase—a last little push—that I don't remember in her films. But aside from such details, she doesn't have the utter control, the *being* in English, that she has in her own language(s). Listen to Peter O'Toole or Glenda Jackson or George C. Scott, and you hear how an actor who is of English uses the language both unconsciously, without thought, and very consciously, with subtlest design. Ullmann will never be able to use English with that complete carelessness and care. On the one hand her English here is stratospherically above that in her English films because she is playing a character which she is thoroughly

familiar in Norwegian. She has played Nora often in Ibsen's own words and therefore has a great deal to model this performance on.

Still I had the sense that her performance is built in units—the way a ballet dancer does a *pas de deux*, then a solo, etc., all in a performance that's unified overall but is made up of discernible segments. I think this effect, of moving from one portion to the next, is partly due to her not-quite-comfort with English.

Partly it's due to the physical disposition of the play by the director, Tormod Skagestad, head of the Norwegian Theater in Oslo, who has previously done the play there with Ullmann. I hope that his shortcomings, too, are due to language and cultural unease, or else it's bad news about the Oslo theater. Skagestad has accepted some poor casting of other roles here, and has pulled and shoved and nagged the action of the play without much sense of inner dynamics. Granted that the Beaumont's thrust-stage is hell for a "living-room" play, Skagestad has made the worst of it. I've rarely seen actors who seemed less to be living in their living room.

In spite of all these things—because of all these things—the rest is praise for Ullmann. I've written so much about her radiance that I'm glad the reader has been able to see it on film so that I stand a chance of being believed. A woman who can make that wretched Beaumont glow with her presence—without staginess or affectation, simply by concentrating on her performance—must be naturally and overflowing beautiful. Ullmann is. She doesn't exploit that beauty, although in a practical way she relies on it. (How could she not know that she is beautiful?) With her, as base, she builds a character design and a dramatic experience. This is the only Nora I've seen who seemed to me in genuine pain, under the smiling and skittering, from the very start: a woman who loves her husband insofar as she then understands him and the meaning of love, who loves her children and the idea of family life, but who is in a twofold anguish: fear of blackmail, for the forgery she committed out of love, and discomfort with a society that has made her desperate action the only way she *could* act, that has emphasized her inferior position as woman.

When Claire Bloom played Nora—I choose her because she used the same Christopher Hampton translation—the "squirrel" cutenesses in the early portions were an obvious game, masks

worn to make life livable and to be dropped later when the life was changed. But Ullmann doesn't do "squirrel" acts. Through those early parts she plays Nora as a sexual being whose sex is important to her and her husband; the squirrel and lark and other nicknames become living-room metaphors for bedroom memories and anticipations. The occasional early glints of Nora's clearheadedness fit this full woman better than they do Bloom's slave-girl coquette. This unforced sexual atmosphere—a woman who needs this man who needs her—makes her anguish all the more real.

The last act, the last scene, flower out of this sexual ambience. When what Nora calls the "wonderful" doesn't happen, when her husband Torvald doesn't step forward to protect her, at least to share the blame because she committed the forgery for his sake, it is of course a blow to her opinion of him, but its immediate effect is on her sexual being. We see her figurative colors change before our eyes. This Nora changes in spirit, mind and gonads. The sexual bonds that had linked her and Torvald, that had made her inferior caddish position just bearable, have snapped. The last scene, so often critically debated, has never seemed more humanly prepared and resolved more credible and courageous and lonely. If we add the innumerable lovely details, like the moment when she takes off her wedding ring and then holds out her hand for Torvald's ring, we have a

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. Fellini's youth, as he needs to remember it. A funny, bitter lyric.

A Brief Vacation. De Sica directs Florinda Bolkan superbly in this tale of a young working woman's self-realization. Mushy but moving.

Hearts and Minds. A Vietnam documentary. Politically unclear, still with grim power.

The Love of Life. Documentary of Arthur Rubinstein. Eighty-eight terrific years.

Scenes from a Marriage. Bergman compressed his 300-minute Swedish TV series into three hours. But it's Bergman. And Liv Ullmann.

SK

The Perils of Perelman

Vinegar Puss by S.J. Perelman

(Simon and Schuster; \$7.95)

Ever since *Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge* broke on an unsuspecting public in 1929, S.J. Perelman devotees have been lapping up his lapidary prose, scurrying to net his wild allusions, guarding against whiplash injuries from his abrupt twists of logic, and following his riotously disoriented express through Bucks County, Hollywood, Africa, Asia and paranomasia. As a longtime member of the Perelman legion, I am more inclined to celebrate than criticize his first new book in five years.

Despite a recent reference in this publication to "the late S.J. Perelman," the past master of pasquinade is, at 71, very much alive and rather more antick than antique. As readers of the letters column may recall, he responded by taking the editors to task for generating "unbecomingly hopeful excitement" in his heirs and "hustling old subscribers into the hereafter with such avidity." The editorial error was not entirely surprising: for the past 10 or 15 years, Perelman has been treated with the sort of extreme unction usually lavished on humorists only after death. He has been enshrined alongside such golden '20s fellow-alchemists as Benchley, Lardner, Thurber and Kaufman, ranked with Balzac, James (both Henry and Joyce), Conrad, Roethke and Juvenal, and lofted from the category of humorist to the empyrean of nihilist, dadaist and surrealist. All of which has left him blushing and digging his toes into the hot sand, muttering that he writes to satisfy the grocer sitting on his shoulder and to amuse himself.

Perelman seems to have recognized his last from the first and stuck to it. Despite the pundits who feel that humor could only be legitimated by a larding of redeeming social value, he has retained his '20s/'30s vision and resolutely lived off the fatuities of the land. His inspirations have been drawn from advertisements, health journals, women's magazines, old novels and movies, and a preposterous series of personal pratfalls, all done to a turn and served in such small pieces that his oeuvres might best be described as hors d'oeuvres. Yet given a platter of his Bucks County antipastor-

ales, only a cad could ask for meat and potatoes. His targets, from the start, have been the pompous, the absurd and the phony; he has attacked them with a bounding erudition, an unabridged vocabulary, a superb mastery of style, and a wild sardonic wit that shredded pretension into a lunatic fringe and dismembered linear thinking a generation before McLuhan.

Vinegar Puss, his 19th book, runs true to form. The Perelman face, so often drawn by Hirschfeld and quartered by his own pen ("bespectacled and snaffle-toothed, nervously scratching a chin you could hang a lantern on"), still shines from the pages with a king-sized leer; the familiar Perelman persona still capers along the newly cast lines ("Quixotic? Headlong? Possibly. But then such is my nature") with all the old braggadocio of Le Sid.

The material in his new book is cut from the same bolt as its predecessors and tailored, perhaps a trifle more soberly than in the past, to the classic Perelman patterns: parody, capsule drama, disastrous hegira, ludicrous adventure, improbable reminiscence. And the needlework is still so deft that nothing ever comes apart at the seams but the reader.

For the Perelman addict, familiarity breeds a happy echolalia as new lines evoke old favorites. When *Vinegar Puss* produces: "I showed her a clean pair of heels. (They were two fellows who dispensed towels at the Luxor Baths. . .)" one—or at least this one—is sent back through the years to: "I am no more superstitious than the next man (the next man happens to hail from the Cameroons and is crouched on his hams shrinking his uncle's head over a slow fire)," which in turn summons up memories of the still earlier character who "would listen with only half an ear. To do him justice, that was all he had; the balance had been cropped for thievery." One could go on indefinitely; he seems to have buried a truffle under every cliché in the language. The impulse to dig them up and quote them is one of the perils of Perelman. Another is the temptation to buttonhole stran-

gers and read his tables of contents aloud. The titles of his new pieces, *Stranger*, starting with "Missing: Two Lallapaloozas—No Reward," "Hail, Hail, The Ganglia's All Here," "Grifter, Stay 'Way From My Door," and "Around The Bend in Eighty Days," indicate that he is still the undisputed winner of any title bout—and still champion of irrelevance. His headings stand by themselves, only occasionally feeling any obligation to associate with their subjects. There is no *soupeon* of a ganglion in the "Ganglia" piece, which deals with an 11-year-old boy detective who solves crimes that have baffled the police of five continents, penetrating in a twinkling such mysteries as: who stole the 41-year overdue book from the Flint, Michigan Public Library? "Around the Bend," a title rather more securely connected to its subject, takes Perelman over the classic Jules Verne route, a bit older than the world traveler of *Westward Ho!* and *The Swiss Family Perelman*, but happily no wiser. Every lap of his trip oozes frustration as he sails on the S.S. *Cholera* through the Persian Gulf yearning for a chopped chicken liver sandwich and crosses the Bay of Bengal on the S.S. *Moribunda* musing, "How could anyone be such a schlemiel?" His nomenclature is as inspired as ever: the new gallery includes Lucas Membrane, Sir Moishe Foxglove, plus Rosy Cleavage, a beauty he aspires "to scale like the Matterhorn," and Patrick Foley de Grandeur, a braggart of mixed French and Irish blood.

In short, the Perelman of *Vinegar Puss* has stayed as sweet as he was in *The Ill-Tempered Clavichord* and *The Rising Gorge*. The vocabulary that sets him to "horripilating" where lesser men get gooseflesh has been broadened by travel. But although he can now render "Take the mush out of your mouth," as "Dégagez la farine de maïs de votre bouche," his flow of Yiddish is unchecked, spurting even in the courtyard of the Topkapi Museum, where his halvah vendor describes the movie heist as "a *bubba meiseh*."

His work continues to defy every sort of analysis including the psycho-, but Perelman is perdurable. Long may his *feuilletons* be collected. And recollected.

Felicia Lamport

Felicia Lamport is the author of *Scrap Irony* (Houghton Mifflin) and other humorous books.

The Bare Presence

The Great American Nude by William H. Gerdts

(Praeger; \$25)

Nudity remains visually compelling, no matter how few clothes people are currently wearing in everyday life, and no matter how lax or rigid are the customs governing their removal. Evidence of this is the abiding appeal of nude art both high and low in all Western countries, even in these days of revolutionary images and techniques. Americans in particular have always had tense relations with nakedness. Dealing with it in real life, they have exhibited the same habit of ideology with which they have approached the subjects of religion and food; and in art, certain self-conscious aspirations also apparent in some American fiction and poetry. The lack of a home among comfortable traditions, which may be embraced or flouted with equal confidence, has made the American nude a restless icon, prone to awkwardness and lack of meaning as well as manners.

In art the iconography of nudity is its most important feature, although certainly never its most appealing. Because Western eyes have always loved to rest on it, whether secretly or openly, the nude image has always justified itself even at its most irrelevant. Nevertheless the question of what the nude figure accomplishes, or means to say in its artistic context, is always underlying and enriching the visual pleasure (or intensifying the shock) of its bare presence. In *The Great American Nude* William H. Gerdts describes the peculiarly American ways of giving artistic authority to the nude figure, from modes of modest candor through confident if ambiguous prudery to kitsch, by way of aggressive realism.

European traditions have always nudged the elbows of American artists. In the 18th century Americans might study European paintings in their published engraved versions, but some also crossed the Atlantic for direct instruction (as American artists did for two centuries thereafter) when native opportunities seemed to lack scope. The nude model was an unavailable commodity in colonial America except in pictorial form. Early neo-classic artists, modishly devoted to the purity of the

antique nude, had to go to Rome to look at Apollo and Venus in the Vatican, or to England to draw either from the casts or from the living model at the Royal Academy. Relations between England and America, though politically violent, were artistically extremely peaceable, even incestuous, in the days of Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley.

Gerdts' book is most interesting when it deals with shifting American styles in nude subject matter. Because of chronic national prudery, the nude had to sidle into American art rather obliquely, often against the kind of public protest that is combined with private delight. American problems encountered by nude subjects in art seem to have their parallel in the history of American movies, where for a long time naked facts as well as naked people were not permitted to appear in alleged representations of common truth. Nude subjects had to be both genitally discreet and ostentatiously classical or biblical for some time, while they were nonetheless often quite erotic in flavor, until after the European mid-19th-century convulsions in representative art had produced their effects in America.

Realism, following Courbet and Leibl, and impressionism were combined with a general acceptance of the academic necessity for producing nude images without excuse. Gerdts shows how late 19th-century nudes, newly unidealized and realistic in rendering, nevertheless required neutral outdoor settings—pools, glades or fields—with some possible but subdued classical reference in the title ("Arcadia") or the stage-props (panpipes and drapery); whereas by the first quarter of this century self-contained nude subjects could be shown in intimate indoor settings without risking the kind of censure incurred even in France 50 years earlier by Manet's *Olympia*, and which caused bedroom nudes in America to be mostly relegated to saloons.

Despite the American reluctance to take to nakedness easily, one or two of our best artists have manifested their gifts most characteristically and brilliantly through the nude. In the 1880s

Thomas Eakins got into trouble by protesting too much about the importance of the nude model for art students; but for his own work it proved a perfect vessel in which to distill his delicate, ironic and even somewhat sinister realism. Gerdts gives ample attention to Eakins' remarkable talent for rendering the nude with a combination of lucid erotic melancholy with almost pedestrian physical details. A later visionary artist of the realistic nude whom he appears to slight, however, is Edward Hopper. It seems wrong to dismiss the unique awkward beauty of Hopper's nudes without observing the psychological power it gives their solitary images. Both these artists are distinctively American, using the nude in ways that specifically depart from European academic, "realistic" or modern traditions. One classic contemporary American painter of the nude entirely ignored by Gerdts is William Bailey of the Yale Art School. Bailey's nudes, like those of Ingres, are refined abstractions, in sharp contrast both to the evocative naturalism of Hopper and Eakins and to the harsh commercial eroticism of Pearlstein and Wesselman, whom Gerdts believes to represent the main trend in present American nude art.

Curiously enough, while confining himself to this genre, Gerdts does not appear to have an esthetic interest in the representation of nudity itself. He makes no attempt to trace the development of styles in the rendering of bodies with respect to exact proportions, posture and gesture, nor does he try to isolate the specific elements that generate erotic flavor, fashionable appeal, art historical allusion or pathos. It seems impossible, moreover, that a whole book on nude art should fail to deal directly with the subject of pubic hair in all the various ways it has been used, finessed or ignored in representing the human body. It was, after all, for a long time the unacknowledged badge of overt erotic intent, an absolute barrier between acceptable idealized nakedness, however seductive, and the somehow intolerable real truth.

Anne Hollander

Anne Hollander is a free-lance writer and costume designer.

Coming

Clancy Sigal writes on
books on the city of London

Letters of Song

In the year that Thomas James was born (1946), Wallace Stevens wrote to José Rodríguez Feo, "The fact remains that we are always fundamentally interested in what a writer has to say. When we are sure of that, we pay attention to the way in which he says it, not often before." Conversely, and in another year, W.H. Auden wrote that he demanded two

Letters to a Stranger

by Thomas James

(Houghton Mifflin; \$4.95, \$2.95 paper)

In Sepia

by Jon Anderson

(University of Pittsburgh Press;

\$5.95, \$2.95 paper)

Residue of Song

by Marvin Bell

(Atheneum; \$3.95 paper)

Sleeping in the Woods

by David Wagoner

(Indiana University Press; \$5.95)

things of a poem, "Firstly, it must be a well-made verbal object that does honor to the language in which it is written. Secondly, it must say something significant about a reality common to us all, but perceived from a unique perspective." Between these two seemingly opposite statements, we all feel at home. Perhaps it is that instantaneous coming together of *content*, chosen by Stevens as primary, and *form*, thought by Auden to be of original import, that makes for what we seek in poetry—the ingredients that evoke in us a sympathy, a sympathetic motion that is *capable* of moving us.

For this reason I have selected these four books for review:

Letters to a Stranger, the first and last book by Thomas James—he committed suicide at 27, shortly after the publication of his book in 1973. One is struck with James' steady control over the release of information, spun out in beautifully modulated language that at once creates tone that in turn distills a world we can live in for the duration of the poem, and which, with rich resonance, lasts long after the physical contact of reading.

There are at least four spectacular poems in this collection: "Hunting for Blueberries," a poem about a young, blind cousin, in which one finds stanzas such as "The mayflies had been three months dead, / But I could see them flickering in your eyes, / Those two gooseberries. I loved to lick them clean, / My tongue grazing the broken winter field/That was your only landscape, eight years old." Later in the book comes the most polished poem in the collection, "Mummy of a Lady Named Jemutson-ekh XXI Dynasty." It ends, "When I come home the garden will be budding, / White petals breaking open, clusters of night flowers, / His eyes no longer two bruised surfaces. / I'll know the mouth of my young groom, I'll touch / His hands. Why do people lie to one another?" The other two outstanding poems are "Letter to a Mute" and the title poem. Both incorporate the poet's overwhelming loneliness and isolation.

I have one minor quibble: there is a slight monotony that builds up as the book moves along; but all in all, this is a special first book of poems, a book that has been missed. Now it is time for rediscovery.

Jon Anderson brings together what is best in his previous two collections—the compulsive straining toward an understanding of platonic friendship and the idea of death—predominant and obsessive themes. He tells us that he is not afraid to display vulnerability and loneliness. *In Sepia* is not the document of a soul bared for viewing. If this is a poetry of emptiness and deprivation, it is a poetry so full that we are lonely in the presence of the many, deprived in the presence of abundance—the presence of understanding and the abundance of linguistic wealth, an eye that penetrates.

Anderson's poetry is like a pilgrim in the new land. It begins with a poem dedicated to and entitled "John Clare." The book ends with another dedication, this time to friends whom he has known. It finishes up like this, "Though the stories they lived / Were not the same, / Many were distracted into love, / Slept, & work alone, awhile serene." In the title poem, "In Sepia," he holds his subjects before us, in sepia, sleepy toward death in tone, ending, "He was reading a story

so hopeless, / So starless, we all belonged." In another poem, "In Autumn," the poet walks above his house and confronts "life's slow dream"—introspective, as in his better poems, nostalgic, moving. It is slighted only when he turns away from his house toward the woods, and finds Robert Frost: "For a moment I required / To turn to those deep rows of cedar, / & would have gone / On walking endlessly in." *In Sepia* is the best of three books by a poet who ranks as one of the five best of his generation.

At 37, and of another generation, Marvin Bell has been around for a time, and has influenced a good many writers (including Anderson) as a teacher at the Writers' Workshop at The University of Iowa, which continues to turn out the best poetry year after year. *Residue of Song* is the third and final collection of his first volume of poetry. In this new book, the earlier work comes together and reaches what Donald Justice calls the redefinition of language—"not the words only, but the very grammar of it." The title poem is prototypical Bell at his best to date. Wit, intelligence and *kindness* converge in a lyricism—and yet this is a terrible and desperate poem. Bell's poetry reaches far; there are more poems about his sometime muse, sometime ghost: his father. There are Bell's special species of love poems—gentle, self-mocking, full of sly feints this way

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and that. In "Impotence" he writes, "It's serious alright. It's just the beginning./ (When the balls go, can the penis be long behind?)/Soon you'll be left with nothing but scar tissue/where once you were the cock of the walk./ Soon you'll be the laughing stock of Niagara Falls." Marvin Bell may be one of our funniest poets; he is one of our most tragic, and most intelligent.

David Wagoner has been the poet to look to for the "narrative poem." *Sleeping in the Woods*, his eighth volume of poetry, is not quite another collection in a continuing saga, although he remains one of the most readable poets around. Immediately, upon entering his poems, we are taken into his world. Intrigued, we drink the liquor of his story's weave, instantly interested. Although he is the author of numerous novels, his poetry has that one (out of many?) aspect that distinguishes poetry from prose: a sense of line. There is tension of syntax and diction in his work. In this book he leaves behind much of his narrative acumen, moving on to something new for him, something more contemplative, more difficult—an uneasiness that makes this book, if not my favorite Wagoner, perhaps his most important. In this deeper realm, he is once again novice, a word I use cautiously. Wagoner is a master technician. He knows how to write well, a novelty in much contemporary verse. It is as a departure that I recommend his new collection.

Valéry said: "A poet's function is not to experience the poetic state: that is a private affair. His function is to create it in others." This is what these poets share.

Daniel Halpern

Daniel Halpern is editor of *Antaeus*.

Rural Mind

The Political Career of Eugene Talmadge by William Anderson

(Louisiana State University Press; \$11.95)

"It was a time of culmination; when the seed, thought dead, broke ground. . . . It was a time of profound change in a changeless land. It was the 1930s, and the significance of the period is the significance of the politics of Eugene Talmadge. He was the antithesis of the new time, but the personification of its heritage." So begins this superb political biography of a Georgian who, like his Populist predecessor Tom Watson, has been largely forgotten.

Gene Talmadge's many masks included the stereotyped Southern demagogue, but that was merely one role this entertainer played. Race did not become the crucial issue until his campaigns in 1942 and 1946; earlier he had shrewdly capitalized on other matters—particularly the plight of the farmer—to become state agricultural commissioner for three terms and then to serve as governor twice. But the man who was variously described by his fellow citizens as our sonofabitch, the nigger who came to town and a sorry charlatan—and by himself as the Caesar of this century—could not be elected US senator. If the wool-hat boys thundered "I'd go to hell for Old Gene," less volatile minds prevailed when national politics were at stake.

By exploring the life of Eugene Talmadge his biographer reveals the

mind of the South, especially of rural Georgia, during the transitional period between 1926 and 1946, the year when Talmadge was elected governor for the third time, only to die and be succeeded by his son "Hummon," whose career like Gene's owes much to quirky and ambiguous laws.

The interest and value of Anderson's compelling account arise from Talmadge's nature as one of those rare persons whose life signifies an age in its broad outlines, bizarre contradictions and fitful attempts to define and fulfill itself. Anderson at once depicts the man and his times, and he does so in an idiom that recalls W.J. Cash. Indeed Talmadge epitomizes what Cash deems the story of Southern politics—"a continual progress in the personal and the extravagant"—even as he personifies the "hell-of-a-fellow complex."

The man boldly rode his ability as an orator into office and power. He was, as Anderson relates, a powerful backwoods preacher even though he wasn't a believer. (Talmadge's favorite books were the Bible and *Mein Kampf*.) His paradoxical behavior was continuously interesting if often contemptible and outrageous, but the comic aspect of his nature triumphed over the sinister and belligerent side. In Atlanta he spoke near-perfect English; on the stump he ranted in language that the locals relished. "He was the showman, the rainmaker, the medicine man, the ranting magnetic evangelist. He spoke a simple language. He cursed, brayed, drawled through his words. . . . He had become a master of the rural mind."

Talmadge recalled his hero Watson tirelessly presenting simple solutions to cope with a complex and rapidly changing society, in appealing to the common people (especially the poor farmer), in reaching the electorate through personal contact and his own newspaper, in attacking the industrial state and the federal government (particularly Roosevelt and the New Deal), and in being quick to endanger his party for his own ends. Talmadge also repeated the old Populist pattern of turning from reform to reaction, and as he grew older he did not mellow but became crankier.

This man abundantly possessed the leader's charisma, as Ralph McGill and others have pointed out. He was a politician to the marrow born who was temperamentally incapable of being successful at anything but politics although he dabbled in farming and law.

William Anderson wisely did not write a strictly academic biography. If this fini

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study does not include all the impedimenta of Old High Germanic scholarship, it is anchored in bedrock fact, including demographic statistics and 50 interviews with Talmadge's family and his political associates. If Anderson occasionally departs from grammatical propriety, the prose as a whole is richly idiomatic, embodying rhythms that convey the patterns of Talmadge's life, of Georgia's history, and of nature itself.

The author has achieved a masterful balance of detachment and engagement, and he has also resisted the satiric and didactic urges. He is sympathetic to Talmadge as a human being but impatient with the kind of madcap behavior that led him to take over the state treasury and to interfere with the University of Georgia (with the result that its accreditation was withdrawn). The proportions, pace and tone of the

narrative are excellent. Anderson is particularly good in describing stump electioneering and the county-unit system in Georgia, national politics (Talmadge's confrontations with Huey Long, Walter George, Richard Russell and FDR), and the impact of the automobile and the radio.

Eugene Talmadge compulsively tried to protect the magnolia tree from the bulldozer, and in so doing he steadily engaged in a politics of crisis, gradually losing his support. Hence his emblematic quality. Finally the people of Georgia turned from their potentate, circus barker, shamus and evangelist. If Talmadge represents a primitive stage of modern politics, it is by no means dull.

George Core

George Core is editor of The Sewanee Review.

Sensitive, Probing Study

The Broken Covenant by Robert Bellah

Seabury Press; \$7.95)

Robert Bellah, who has done as much as anyone during the last decade to revive the notion of an American civil religion, has now written an important and affecting book about its present state of crisis. According to Bellah ours is not the first era in which that common set of social, moral and religious beliefs binding us together, in however tenuous a manner, as a nation, has been in jeopardy. First, it occurred during the revolutionary period over the fight for national independence and the institutionalization of the principle of liberty, and second, less than a century later when the existence of the union was at stake and the challenge before us was the extension of equal rights to all members of society. The present crisis of American civil religion has been brought on by the enormous new economic and technical forces we now have at our disposal. The issue is whether we can learn to dominate and exploit them for purposes consonant with our prior covenants as a nation, or whether we will allow them to spiral out

of control, increasing the already awesome gulf between the haves and the have-nots, bringing us ever closer to the moment of Armageddon.

Bellah's response, though qualified to the bone, is modestly affirmative. Our inherited institutions can meet the contemporary crises of justice and order both at home and abroad if we can recover a sufficient sense of the fundamental religious and moral conceptions on which the country was founded and which have brought us—to be sure, not without important modifications—through our earlier times of trial. In the present context this will require the replacement of our typically rational, utilitarian and technical model of reality, geared to a market economy and industrial capitalism, with one which, while responsive to the achievements of science and technology, is more commensurate with our civil religious heritage. Such a model will be based upon values emphasized by two traditions: the Puritan, going back through John Winthrop and John Cotton to the

Bible, and the republican, going back through Jefferson and Montesquieu to the great age of Rome. Each of these traditions, so different in other ways, associated the meaning of America with complementary acts of liberation and institution. Furthermore, realizing that there can be no freedom without structure, no liberty without obligations, they also assumed that man is made for a life with others and that laws designed to legitimate the rights of individuals must be extended to ensure the rights of all.

Bellah is under no illusions about the historical effectiveness of these principles. Indeed much of his book is given over to an examination of the ways in which they, and other attendant notions, were continually betrayed from the 17th century to the present. His chapters on the ambiguities of chosenness, the secularization of the notion of salvation, the demise of the ideal of cultural pluralism, and our violent aversion to the idea of socialism—all take on the character of a modern jeremiad where, one after another, our most obvious national sins of omission and commission are rehearsed and trenchantly analyzed.

Like all jeremiads, however, *The Broken Covenant* is least convincing in its rearticulation of the vision, the heritage or, in this case, the nature of the civil religious compact it bids us repossess.

Bellah's understanding of American civil religion correctly presupposes the important interlinkage of Puritan and republican strains in defining our national myth of origin. Both strains or traditions assumed that society rests upon the deep inner commitment of its members, and that government must be based upon a body of law that derives its sanctions from some higher source than man himself. To this assertion, few would object. The problem arises when Bellah goes on from here to argue that the Puritan theocrats and the Founding Fathers were essentially up to the same sort of thing, that both accentuated through their key terms—"conversion" and "covenant" for the Puritans, "revolution" and "constitution" for the Founding Fathers—the need to reject and throw off old structures while at the same time replacing them with something new. There is obviously some element of truth in this, but it doesn't go nearly as far as Bellah tries to carry it.

Even if conversion and revolution, for example, represented for their respective proponents an act of liberation, of freedom, the two groups differed mark-

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edly over what they took such acts to mean. The Puritans viewed liberation as an opportunity to recover their original condition, to repossess a sense of that original state of being that they had no hand in establishing or creating. The Founding Fathers, by contrast, viewed liberation chiefly as an opportunity to originate, to create something altogether new that would not have existed but for their own efforts. Liberation for the one represented an act of return, for the other an act of advance. To the Founding Fathers liberty was therefore an end in itself, an expression of man's inherent right and ability to create something fresh and unprecedented; to the Puritans liberty was clearly but the means to another end altogether, an expression of that power and righteousness to which man has access only as an undeserved gift.

The same sort of distinction would have to be drawn between what the two groups meant by covenant and constitution respectively. To the Founding Fathers, as I understand it, the constitution represented a way of trying to perpetuate what was acknowledged to be inherently good about the revolutionary spirit. The difficulty was, as Bellah acknowledges, that the spiritual yearning expressed in the constitutional debates was curiously opposed to the spiritual good associated with revolutionary ardor. Revolutionary ardor was based upon a belief in the inherent rightness and goodness of man's desire to create something new; constitutional ardor was based upon a belief in the inherent rightness and goodness of man's desire to create something that would last conceivably forever. Hence unless one accepted Jefferson's impractical proposal to rewrite the constitution every generation and to make the war rather than the district or the state the basic political unit, revolution and constitution, in Prof. Bellah's sense of them, would be, as Hannah Arendt has argued, mutually exclusive, and so, in part, they have continued to remain.

In any case, how different this all is from what the Puritans meant by covenant. Such government as the Puritans envisaged in terms of the covenant was designed to be anything but eternal since God both could and would, according to John Winthrop withdraw his support from it if ever the Puritans failed to live up to its conditions; and the covenant itself, far from expressing, in Jefferson's words, "the laws of nature and of nature's God," represented what for the Puritans

ultimately had to suffice instead. Nature's laws and the laws of nature's God were to the Puritans finally inscrutable just because God was to man ultimately unknowable. Nevertheless God, out of his infinite mercy, had not abandoned man to complete ignorance of his purposes, and the covenant was symbol and instrument of such knowledge. Rightly understood, then, the covenant, together with the form of government it enfranchised, had less to do with man's freedom in a state of regeneracy to draw up his own articles of constitution than with man's responsibility, especially in a state of regeneracy, to live only according to divine ordinance.

Do such distinctions as these undermine Prof. Bellah's whole argument? Certainly not. In its genre *The Broken Covenant* is as sensitive and probing a study as we are likely to see during this Bicentennial era. These observations are merely meant to suggest that the definition of an American civil religion may in fact be a more difficult task than Prof. Bellah allows, and that its fitful and checkered existence from colonial times to the present may have been even more precarious than he is willing to concede.

Giles Gunn

Giles Gunn teaches religion and American studies at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and has recently edited a volume of selections from the writings of Henry James, Sr. His book on F.O. Matthiessen will be published in the fall.

Kids Stuff

Animal Land by Margaret Blount

Morrow; \$8.95

All of us—at least those who were lucky enough to have discovered books as children—are experts on the animal story, but Margaret Blount, an English novelist and an omnivorous reader, has attempted to bring order into the subject in *Animal Land*. It is a fascinating book, partly because it reminds the reader of books he has forgotten or introduces

him to those he has never read; a likable one because of the author's affectionate but idiosyncratic approach to the subject; a useful one both for generalizing comments on the genre and remarks about specific works. It is also, inevitably, an exasperating book because there are so many titles sprinkled like crumbs in the forest of Hansel and Gretel that fail to lead us home and because Blount has a knack for misunderstanding those works nearest my heart.

Although the book is subtitled "The Creatures of Children's Fiction," Blount attempts to deal with adult satires such as *Gulliver's Travels* and *Animal Farm* as well as books originally aimed at an audience of children, and she pretty much ignores the animal books for the very young. Yet George and Martha and the rest of James Marshall's growing gallery of animals and Kay Chora's redoubtable Ida could settle comfortably into *Animal Land* and help the author make a point or two. Not that they would be likely to find their way into Blount's book because American authors, except for the more obvious classics which have reached an English audience, are pretty much excluded; having spent so many years with Reddy and Granny Fox and Bowser the Hound, I found the absence of Thornton W. Burgess incredible. Although an occasional Austrian (Felix Salten) or Finn (Tove Jansson) or Greek (Aesop) is considered, *Animal Land* is primarily a book about English children's literature.

Although Blount gives much space to early children's books, particularly 19th-century fiction, *Animal Land* is not a historical study. It is organized around genre: animal fable, animal fantasy, animal edens. Although there is some value in Blount's attempts to define genre, the lines will not hold, as she indicates by allowing some character (Mr. Toad, Reepicheep, Paddington) to wander through the book, walking analogies far from their home-base chapters. I am happier with what she has to say when she examines a particular book in terms of one of her working generalizations: the animal as disguised human, either as identification figure for the child reader or as tool of the adult satirist; the animal society as remembered or imagined innocence or as frightening lesson; the animal actor as standard type, *i.e.*, Puss in Boots as the Clever Servant. She also gives sensible attention to the way in which illustrations contribute to our understanding of children's stories, but I would like to have seen more detailed examinations of

the dramatic and verbal devices by which authors get their effects.

Perhaps I have a stronger taste for the somber, the cruel, the grotesque than Blount does for I find myself growing nervous when *gaiety* keeps turning up as the hard-sell noun for the stories she likes and when she insists that the deaths of Bear, Wolf and Fox in *Brer Rabbit* are "out of place" and that F. A. S. Reid's *Comic Insects* are "too large for comfort." Yet it is inevitable that the prejudices, the fears, the pleasures of a critic mark his work. At least Margaret Blount does not keep her secret. Anyone reading *Animal Land* will discover that Blount identified with Mole in *The Wind in the Willows* (hang spring-cleaning?), that she has been haunted all her life by the Tomtoddlies of *The Water Babies*, that *The Princess and the Goblin* both frightened and fascinated her when she first read it. Knowing all this, the reader can discount her prescriptive remarks about what she sees as ugly or painful or frightening, just as he can refuse to join her in some of her enthusiasms.

Blount's tastes are a problem only when they begin to interfere with both her accuracy and the legitimacy of her criticism. Her distaste for *Stuart Little* ("inappropriate for children") allows her to misreport Harriet Ames' family background and, as though no E. B. White were worth close reading, to say that Templeton steals the goose egg in *Charlotte's Web* when it is clearly given to him. Her comments are even more revealing than her mistakes. "'The baby,' we are told, as if in a shocked whisper, 'looked very much like a mouse in every way. He was only about two inches high.'" What she hears as "a shocked whisper" I hear as E. B. White's matter-of-fact prose, and the sentences she quotes make sense only within the paragraph, which goes on to say, "Before he was many days old he was not only looking like a mouse but acting like one, too—wearing a gray hat and carrying a small cane."

Still, even *Stuart Little* fanciers can find good things in *Animal Land*. Margaret Blount may meet obstacles and create them, but like Stuart at the end of his book, she seems to be "headed in the right direction."

Gerald Weales

Gerald Weales teaches English at the University of Pennsylvania. He is the author of *Miss Grimsbee is a Witch* (Atlantic/Little-Brown).

New and Notable Fiction

New Heaven, New Earth The Goddess and Other Women by Joyce Carol Oates

(Vanguard; \$10; \$8.95)

Joyce Carol Oates writes criticism as she writes fiction—unstoppably, sometimes dazed by her own perceptions, and with a personal, intuitive logic that isn't always accessible. When I interviewed her in 1972, she had just finished writing "Out of Stone, Into Flesh," a long essay about James Dickey that is one of the nine chapters of her book on visionary literature, *New Heaven, New Earth*. She seemed giddy from all that writing in a few days' time and couldn't quite believe the length of the essay. The Dickey piece isn't one of her best, but it typifies the virtues and weaknesses of the book as a whole. It displays an artist's deep, complex responses to another artist's work. Oates doesn't always bother to clarify her points; and at the end we're impressed, even moved, without quite knowing what we've read. The essay seems felt through more than thought through; parts can be read as highly intellectualized poetry; the academic language that Oates uses so heavily runs counter to her love for the creative impulse that she is both examining and expressing.

Most of *New Heaven, New Earth* would be better if it were simpler. This may not be true of the opening essay, "The Art of Relationships," about Virginia Woolf and Henry James. If she were more intelligible about what makes these writers visionaries, one might be certain that Oates herself was unsure of what she was saying. I have similar doubts about the Samuel Beckett chapter, which is practically unreadable. Both pieces first appeared in scholarly journals over a decade ago, and her critical writing has gone through considerable changes in the meantime. It was a mistake to include them in *New Heaven, New Earth*, not only because of their quality: they're misplaced in a book in which the best essays complement each other thematically. For the same reason Oates should have omitted her excellent treatment of Harriette Arnow's *The Dollmaker*. She has doctored this essay, thereby lessening its original strengths, in an effort to compare Arnow with Beckett and yoke the book together. The

effort shows.

"The Hostile Sun," a long examination of D.H. Lawrence's poetry, is jargon-riddled; and Oates overuses words like "ego," "self" and "consciousness" to the extent that they lose their specific meanings. But this essay is peculiarly gratifying. One senses a merging of writer and subject that is rare in criticism; and if Oates sacrifices critical distance, she gains something else. She makes us *feel* that mystical experience she's always talking about but can never explain. Who *can* explain it?

That experience is felt too in "The Visionary Art of Flannery O'Connor," although Oates' sweeping generalizations about the traditions of philosophy, theology and literature are maddening. Oates accepts O'Connor's fiction on O'Connor's Roman Catholic terms. The daring and achievement of this essay are in the way that Oates, a lapsed Catholic, gives herself over to O'Connor's religion and enters the world of redemption and damnation with no trace of intellectual pride. At the same time she makes full use of her critical gifts. Reading the essay is like rereading O'Connor under new illumination.

The book's peak is at the last chapter, "Kafka's Paradise," which seems to be many small fragments put together, like some of Oates' experimental fiction. Her view of Kafka is unusual: his despair is the "necessary anguish that precedes that 'radiance' mentioned so often in his work." She refers to the *Tao Te Ching*, and the essay resembles the *Tao Te Ching* in that it exists independently of Western literary thought. It's what Oates' criticism has been struggling toward, a meditation rather than a thesis. "Kafka's Paradise" is philosophy without following a philosophical system. It's close to nonrational thinking, yet it's perfectly lucid. For those accustomed to formal criticism, this essay will be either jarring or revelatory or both.

Elsewhere *New Heaven, New Earth* is wildly uneven. The title of the Mailer chapter, "The Teleology of the Unconscious," provides a hint of the exasperations of reading it. One breaks away

from Oates' turgid analysis of *Why Are We in Vietnam?* to wonder why she pays little attention to *An American Dream*, a novel so like Oates' fiction that one longs to know how she would cope with it. Mailer's transformation of a Mickey Spillane thriller into a visionary work resembles Oates' transformations of *True Detective* and *True Confessions* into her own American dream.

One suspects that Oates doesn't know this, just as one suspects that when she describes Flannery O'Connor's "transcendental world of absolute value beyond the cheap, flashy wasteland of modern America" she doesn't know that she is saying as much about herself as about O'Connor. When she writes brilliantly in "The Death Throes of Romanticism" about the pathological self-hatred of Sylvia Plath's poetry, she puts an uncomfortably long distance between herself and Plath. "Plath's era is concluded," she announces, without explaining why and how. In this essay Oates is writing about the death wish in literature, not the artist's desire for physical death but a given work's movement toward a total consummation that can only be death. One doubts that this is confined to an era that Oates chooses to call "romantic," an era she traces back to John Bunyan; but if it is, that era is not concluded. Oates, whose fiction is charged by a mingling of sex and death, belongs to that era.

Sometimes so accurate in her assessments of others' work, Oates is less perceptive about her own. What T.S. Eliot said of Dickens applies to Oates at her best: the characters have "greater intensity than human beings." Oates is often misread as a naturalistic writer, and she has added to the confusion by saying at different times that her work is about the mystery of personality and that she is "concerned with only one thing, the moral and social conditions of my generation." Instead she has created a fantasy world of grotesque figures driven by feverish emotions that distort the American landscape. The strongest Oates characters aren't people as much as extensions of a demonically possessed narrative voice, not unlike the characters in *Our Lady of the Flowers*, who are manifestations of the masturbating convict in his cell. Oates' sexual victims along with Mailer's sexual victimizers are so tumultuously imagined that they are a permanent part of our national literature.

I looked forward to another big book of Oates stories, but *The Goddess and*

Other Women is Oates at her worst. Of the 25 stories, three are acceptable. The best, "Magna Mater," is about the tense relationship between a divorced mother and her mentally ill son. Unlike most of the collection's other stories, "Magna Mater" moves with a sense of life being lived at the bone. It displays a master storyteller effortlessly compressing a situation into one exciting story that has enough abrasive interplay to fill out a novel, rearranging time sequences for small juxtapositions that produce the precise effects desired. But at its root "Magna Mater" is an unsatisfying sermon on the corruption of the young by a neurotic adult world, a superior reworking of Evan Hunter's *Last Summer* and Charles Webb's *The Graduate*. Oates brings her superior technique to unworthy material.

Elsewhere in *The Goddess* the techniques are stale. In her very busy writing career, Oates has never consciously developed a prose style; her best stories read as though they had written themselves in fierce bursts of energy. All the stories here are in familiar Oates modes, but the essential Oates electricity is missing. The words are dead on the page; and since the subjects—child molestings, auto accidents, adulterous wives, reveries of remembered rape, anxious anticipations of rape—are all too familiar, there's no artistic growth to witness and little impetus to finish the book.

The charge is often made that Oates writes too quickly and too much; but the same working habits that produced *The Goddess* also produced her last two big collections, which contain, along with some tripe, some of the best stories in the language. Oates can't work in any other way. We have to take the mediocre with the good, the bad with the great. For a refresher after making it all the way through this new collection, I reread "Passions and Meditations," a story that recently appeared in *Partisan Review*, not included in *The Goddess*. It's a breakthrough: in 10 pages Oates takes sexual obsession and violence into visionary areas her fiction hasn't reached before. It will, I trust, be given the attention it deserves if it appears in her next major book of stories.

John Alfred Avant

John Alfred Avant is a free-lance critic and fiction librarian of the Brooklyn Public Library.

Tyrants Destroyed by Vladimir Nabokov

(McGraw-Hill; \$8.95)

These early butterflies are netted from the pages of the Russian emigré periodicals that appeared in Paris and Berlin during the '20s and '30s. The stories themselves have that air of "fragile unreality" that Nabokov in *Speak, Memory* describes as characteristic of emigré publishing ventures—beautiful work for a transient audience published *in vacuo*. The stories' fragility and their accessibility to the reader disguise for a moment the fact that everything characteristic of the later work is already here, but it is here without the Nabokovian handstands of his American fiction. It is almost as if the emigré world for which they were initially published were not capable of supporting that much exuberance and arrogance. Possibly Nabokov had to be in America to turn the world on its head in *Ada*, but these stories make it clear that the impulse to do so was there from the beginning. One need only read backward from *Ada* to see that the novelist who proclaimed the supremacy of the fictional over the so-called actual at age 70 was already eager to do so at 25.

The misleadingly specific topography of both *Pale Fire* and *Ada*, which belie any literal readings, have their beginnings in these stories where characters (most often emigrés) step out into the streets of what they call "incidental" cities. The profound dislocation that emerges in story after story is not a

symptom of the exiled person as much as it is his privileged knowledge of how things actually are. While a few of these characters vouchsafed this knowledge that the actual world makes sense only in art, the rest are left with the brittle ironies of the mirror world where everything is a parody of something else. This mirror theme so familiar to Nabokov's readers arises quite naturally; from the emigré milieu where life was too often modeled on an aristocratic culture that was itself dead. In the story "Lik" the Russian emigré actor, Lik, gets the roles of carefree and sunny Russian aristocrats—parts for which there are no longer any real-life counterparts. As an imitation of an unreality Lik's acting career is ludicrous and pathetic, but no more so, we discover, than his actual existence in the unspecified cities of Europe that are themselves the suburbs of a perpetually receding reality.

Lik is only one of several characters in these stories who seem fashionably modern in their inability to make connections with the world outside themselves. But Nabokov is no Sartre, so when he sets a character up in this way he also provides as compensation for the uneasiness of existing, the exultation of his art that is neither uneasy nor terrifying. In "Recruiting" the narrator-novelist recruits an old man he sees on a Berlin street and endows him with the loneliness of an aged Russian emigré. Thrilled at his capacity to transform the actual into the fictional and to populate his fiction and his life, the narrator's happiness is suddenly eclipsed by the voice of the author who reminds us that he has had

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the double bliss of fabricating this narrator as well as his elderly recruit. Whatever has been lost is recovered and perfected by art.

Paradoxically only death for Nabokov can be more efficient than art against the transformations of time. In "Perfection" a serge-suited Russian tutor languishes on the Riviera. He passes his time trying to tie up the loose ends of the universe in his daydreams; he does so to no avail until he accidentally drowns and the loose ends (of which he is one) are gathered up to shine forth in a final vision granted him by the conjunction of art and death.

The melancholy quality of a story like "Perfection" arises in part from Nabokov's direct use of nostalgia. Although there is less capering about with time and memory in the early work, Nabokov is already concerned that the nostalgia so crucial to his art be rightly used and understood. In "The Admiralty Spire" the narrator writes to a pseudonymous novelist who has used the story of the narrator's first love in a cheap romantic novel. The letter instructs the writer on the correct use of the past and chastises her for those literary elegances that heighten emotion and kill memory. Describing the actual affair, he reveals that it was itself literary, "like something that had already once happened long ago." The lovers lived in the realm of fiction, he says, so that "when that past really existed for us, we would know how to cope with it and not perish under its burden." The trick, then, is to use nostalgia so that all time is present at once. The romanticism the narrator dislikes confines experiences to different time zones, and he has had enough of isolation and exile to tolerate that.

Even in these early stories Nabokov's desire to make his art the holding company for his past, present and future keeps the fiction like a beloved dog on a tight leash. With the author at the other end of the strap we rarely manage to confront the work alone. He must tell us that one story contains an anagram in its last paragraph, or that a musical pun makes sense of another, and that a literary quarrel inspired a third. Unlike Chaucer he cannot say simply "Go, litel bok." To reap the considerable compensations of his art the reader must begin by getting used to the writer's tagging along.

Elizabeth Pochoda

Elizabeth Pochoda teaches literature at Temple University in Philadelphia.

Fine Print

Doris Grumbach

A year ago the growingly important quarterly, *Salmagundi*, published an issue on **Contemporary Poetry in America** that contained a number of significant essays on, or interviews with, poets not always included in such a survey: for example, Galway Kinnell, Ben Belitt, David Wagoner. Now Schocken has published the issue, with the poetry of the original omitted, and other essays added. It is a valuable survey of the views of important poets and writers on their contemporaries. A useful book for students of the craft, I think it is perhaps even more useful to the general reader who wants an introduction to the more orthodox poets of the mid-20th century. Joyce Carol Oates' essay on the poems of Sylvia Plath ("The Death Throes of Romanticism") is most interesting. One insight is that "the autobiographical personality is presented by the artists as a testing of reality . . . the function of literary criticism is not simply to dissect either cruelly or reverentially, to attack or glorify, but to illustrate how the work of a significant

artist helps to explain his era and our own." There are other sympathetic, illuminating essays—I liked Howard Nemerov's "Poetry and Meaning" and John Bayley on John Berryman, as well as editor Robert Boyers' interview with Stanley Kunitz and the considerable, often profound study of Charles Olson by Martin L. Pops, reprinted from *Modern Poetry Studies*. Schocken has thoughtfully made this absorbing collection available in both paper (\$4.95) and hardcover (\$12.50).

I have mistakenly persisted in thinking of **The Paris Review** as residing abroad, in Paris as a matter of fact. Indeed it did, for 21 years, but now it is repatriated and is alive and doing very well in New York, still edited by the irrepressible, constantly metamorphosing George Plimpton, still as readable in its maturity as it was when first, 60 issues ago, it burst upon a welcoming public. The winter 1974 issue begins, sadly, with two poems by Anne Sexton (a line in her "The Poet of Ignorance" is: "Perhaps

All to Myself

To Steve Orlen

I would have loved living in the valley
Before, when there was only the mountain.
The fault newly arisen, the glacial
Erosions recently sculptured. The whole
Valley heaved out like a dead lava flow.

Now, the highway coughs through the silence.
The valley is spattered with lights.
Splash by splash, voters descend to pools
Without any interest in fish.
My car casts its fumes to the sunset.

I drive out of the valley
Looking for another one.

Drew McCord Stroud

Drew McCord Stroud currently manages a small chamber orchestra in New York City.

am no one") and contains good interviews with novelists Joseph Heller and Peter Matthiessen. Interviews have been *The Paris Review's* most visible decoration, but this issue is equally adorned by a wonderful photograph series (Duane Michals, who does not believe in single stills but in series, "transformations and disappearances"), an excerpt from Matthiessen's new novel, *Far Tortuga*, which James Dickey has called "a turning point in the evolution of the novel," and a short, finely honed story by Herbert Gold. Less interesting is the long Erica Jong poem ("Doom is cheap. . . I resolve now for joy") and the Gail Godwin story. Single copies of TPR are \$1.95, subscriptions (six issues) \$9.

From a fiction-reading correspondent, CH: **Indians' Summer** by Nasnaga is the fourth in Harper & Row's Native American Publishing Program (TNR, December 14, 1974), a series that serves a double purpose. It provides an opportunity for the reader to know the writings of native Americans whose talents have gone ignored; and it supports with its profits projects that aid native Americans themselves.

In the novel, on July 4, 1976 (the 100th anniversary of the destruction of the Seventh Calvary at the Battle of the Little Bighorn and the US' 200th birthday celebration), a new nation is being born in the Southwest. The Anishinabe, formerly known as Navajo, Sioux and Pueblo Indians, have declared their independence from the United States and formed a new nation, the Anishinabe-waki—the Land of the People—reclaiming land that was theirs by right. All the broken promises and unhonored treaties have finally caught up with the white man; the time of "Indian" passivity is past. No longer will they settle for second-class citizenship on reservations.

Aided by India, France and Russia, the Anishinabe gain admission to the UN and declare their independence from the US. They want only a small portion of the country and hope to exist peacefully with the US. But if pushed they will fight for their freedom. They capture several National Guard units, complete with tanks. China and the Soviet Union are air-lifting supplies to them, and in Lakota, formerly the Dakotas, the Sioux have captured Minuteman missiles.

This is to be an "all or nothing" effort. The US President knows it too, and although he comes dangerously close to making a fatal mistake, he cannot back

down. Tensions mount on both sides as war plans go into effect; at the last, contrary to historical expectations, the new nation wins and keeps its land.

Those who find the idea of Indians attempting to regain part of the US far-fetched should remember what led to the American colonies' revolt against George III. The war that started in Lexington and Concord in 1775 was fought against political and economic tyranny imposed by England (King George had tried to gain more control over his colonies by levying a series of taxes on them, beginning with the Stamp Act of 1765). The colonists protested for 10 years before they broke. We consider the 13 colonies acting together to end the tyranny of King George of England a heroic act.

The native Americans were not unjustly taxed, but of greater import, had their land taken away from them. Protesters were killed: "The only good Indian is a dead one," became a popular phrase in the old West. Others were herded like so many heads of cattle into reservations, where smallpox was introduced into their communities when their numbers appeared to grow too large. Promises were made to them, but never kept. Their dignity was gone. But now, in this fiction, we see them as they are once again dignified, seeking to correct past injustices.

Indians' Summer is not written in anger, but as a warning, a prophecy perhaps. At the start of the book, Vernon Bellecourt, International Field Director, American Indian Movement, writes:

A bicentennial celebration is going to take place in 1976. We, the hosts, haven't been asked about our involvement. We feel that if this government is expecting to celebrate its two hundredth birthday in our country, they'd better involve us. . . . Unless the conditions change one hundred eighty degrees, it will be our duty and our responsibility to blow out the candles on the two hundredth birthday cake.

And in chapter one, Crazy Horse of the Oglala Lakota nation is quoted:

We did not ask you white men to come here. The Great Spirit gave us this country as a home. You had yours. We did not interfere with you. . . . We do not want your civilization! We would live as our fathers did, and their fathers before them.

Indians' Summer is Nasnaga's first novel, and it is a very good one indeed (\$6.95).

Kauffmann, from page 22

performance that is a realized theatrical joy.

But if we add, we must also subtract. The rest of the cast ranges from mediocre to worse. The best of them is Barton Heyman as Krogstad, the black-mailer. When Krogstad is adequately played, I always feel sympathy for him: a man who collapsed when he was jilted by the woman he wanted, who married eventually, and who now wants to fight back to respectability for his children's sake. The fact that he is not a villain makes Nora's drama with him sharper, and Heyman states Krogstad's case solidly enough. Unfortunately Barbara Colby as Mrs. Linde doesn't convince us that her jilting of Krogstad would have shaken his life; it's a knobby and untaking performance. Michael Granger as Dr. Rank, the dying family friend, is beneath comment.

The crucially bad performance is Sam Waterston's as Torvald. Is this the best that the American theater could come up with to play opposite Ullmann? Waterston has occasionally been good, as in Antoon's Americanized *Much Ado about Nothing* (1972). Since then he seems to have become egregiously introspective. Last season he struggled to play Hamlet as Prospero in *The Tempest* downstairs at the Newhouse; upstairs now he seems to be struggling to play Hamlet as Torvald, self-displayingly moody and "sensitive." His voice still barks (as in the film of *The Great Gatsby*), and the net effect is of a neurotic whippet, yelping stridently. The solid male whom Nora needs is not there, the man honestly trying to do his best for wife and family according to the conditioning of a male-oriented society. Waterston is lightweight, insufficient, off-key. If there had been a good Torvald, Ullmann would naturally have been even better. As it is, she seemed to spend some of her time "building up" this weak actor.

Apart from the colors of Santo Loquasto's set, which are blatantly

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chosen to suggest a depressing atmosphere, the shape of it is unhelpful. The two important doors, the front door and the one to Torvald's study, are parallel to the "footlights," so they provide the actors with the dulllest possible entrances and exits.

Note. Joseph Papp has just announced a new policy for next season at Lincoln Center, which will include Ullmann as Saint Joan. More on this soon.

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